

THE

Desert

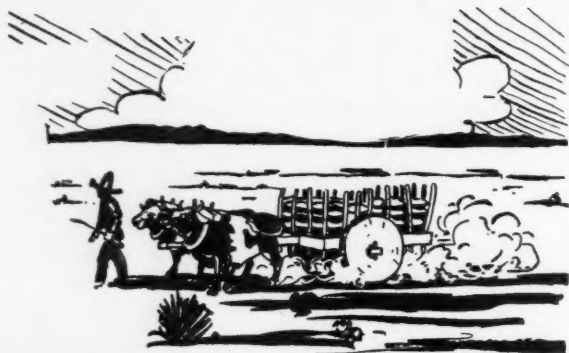
M A G A Z I N E



JANUARY 1941

25 CENTS

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THE *Desert* MAGAZINE
El Centro, California

DESERT Calendar

- DEC. 28-JAN. 1 Southwestern Sun Carnival and Sun Bowl game in El Paso, Texas. Old Timers Day, Dec. 31.
- JAN. 1 New Year dances, various Indian pueblos, New Mexico.
- 6 Feast of the Three Kings (Old Christmas) in Spanish-American villages of New Mexico.
- 6 Installation of newly elected governors in New Mexican Indian pueblos.
- 10 Beginning series of horse races, each Friday, Saturday and Sunday until March 2, at State fair grounds, Phoenix, Arizona.
- 11 Weekend trip of Southern California Sierra club to Rainbow canyon and Coolidge Springs, Colorado desert. Indian caves, village sites and mineral and fossil beds. Leader: Dick Freeman.
- 15 State membership meeting of Arizona Spanish-American club in Phoenix, Arizona.
- 15 Close of the Aloe blooming season in desert plant gardens of San Marino, California. (Began December 15).
- 21 Opening of exhibit of Indian art at Museum of Modern Art, New York City. Greatest single showing of Indian art in United States, representing prehistoric, historic and modern phases. Arizona tribes are foremost exhibitors. John Collier, chairman of Indian arts and crafts board, is director.
- 23 Feast Day of San Ildefonso, with annual fiesta and Buffalo dance, at San Ildefonso pueblo, New Mexico.
- 25 Lost Palm canyon in Eagle mountains, site of weekend trip for Sierra club, led by Randall Henderson. (See Desert Magazine, October 1940 for map and story).
- 31-FEB. 2 Western Open Golf tournament at Phoenix Country Club. Second largest tourney in nation, prizes total \$5,000.
- 31-FEB. 2 Imperial Winter Vegetable Mardi Gras, at El Centro, California. An event of the Wintertime Sun Festival of California.

29 PALMS

Where Ultra-Violet Ray Spends the Day.

In all the California Deserts there is none to compare with the Valley of the 29 Palms.

For story and map of this "Treasure Island" of the Desert, see page 24 of the December issue of Desert Magazine. Also see back cover of same issue.

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—29 PALMS—
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Volume 4

JANUARY, 1941

Number 3

COVER	DESERT NOMADS, by David Anderson, Ogden, Utah	
CALENDAR	Current events on the desert	3
LOST MINE	Lost Guadalupe Treasure By JOHN D. MITCHELL	4
PERSONALITY	Fig Tree John's Gun Was Never Loaded By NINA PAUL SHUMWAY and LELAND YOST	5
PHOTOGRAPHY	Prize winning pictures in December	8
DISCOVERY	Inscription at Hwoye Spring By RICHARD VAN VALKENBURGH	9
BOTANY	Devil's Protege By MARY BEAL	12
FIELD TRIP	Specimens From an old Mine Dump By JOHN W. HILTON	13
FICTION	Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley By LON GARRISON	16
ART	Artist Who Uses Bigger Brushes By JOHN W. HILTON	17
LANDMARK	Mexican Hat By G. B. MILLER	18
DIARY	December at Yaquitepec By MARSHAL SOUTH	19
POETRY	MOJAVE, and other poems	21
ARCHAEOLOGY	Good Luck Shrines of the Desert By ARTHUR WOODWARD	22
TRAVELOG	Waterfall in Palm Canyon By RANDALL HENDERSON	24
PRIZE CONTEST	Announcement of January Landmark contest	29
PUZZLE	DESERT QUIZ, a test of your desert knowledge	30
PLACE NAMES	Origin of names in the Southwest	31
CONTRIBUTORS	Writers of the Desert	32
HOBBY	Cactus—edited by LUCILE HARRIS	34
WEATHER	November temperatures on the desert	35
LETTERS	Comment from Desert Magazine readers	36
HOBBY	Gems and Minerals— Edited by ARTHUR L. EATON	38
NEWS	Here and There on the desert	42
MINING	Briefs from the desert region	45
COMMENT	Just Between You and Me—by the Editor	46
BOOKS	Reviews of current books of the Southwest	47

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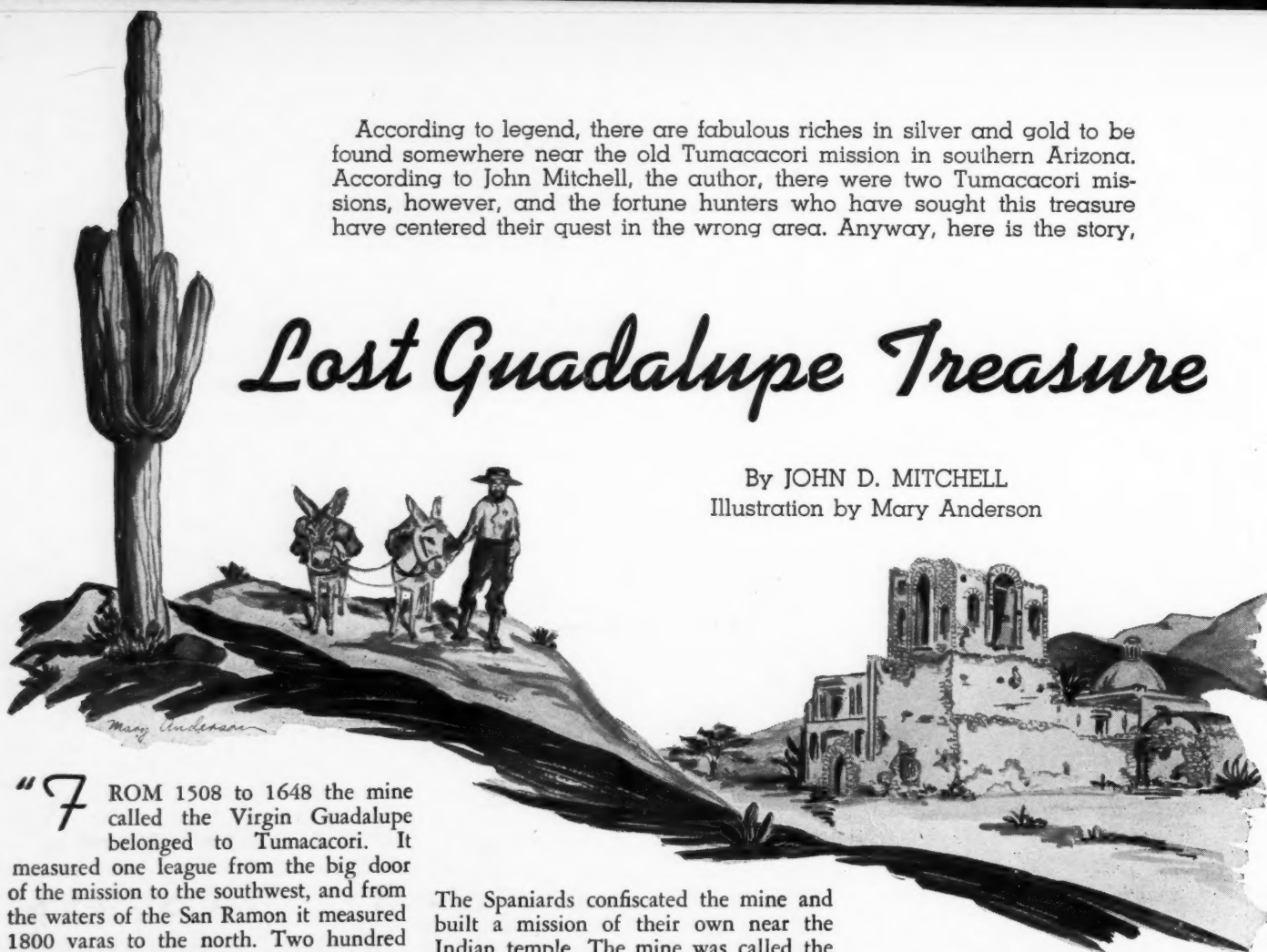
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According to legend, there are fabulous riches in silver and gold to be found somewhere near the old Tumacacori mission in southern Arizona. According to John Mitchell, the author, there were two Tumacacori missions, however, and the fortune hunters who have sought this treasure have centered their quest in the wrong area. Anyway, here is the story,

Lost Guadalupe Treasure

By JOHN D. MITCHELL

Illustration by Mary Anderson



"FROM 1508 to 1648 the mine called the Virgin Guadalupe belonged to Tumacacori. It measured one league from the big door of the mission to the southwest, and from the waters of the San Ramon it measured 1800 varas to the north. Two hundred varas before arriving at the mine there is a black rock marked with a cross and the letters CCD-TD on the under side of the stone. Fifty varas from the cross of Christ to the south will be found slabs of virgin silver weighing from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty pounds each. From here 200 varas in a south-westerly direction there are two peaks torn down by placing powder in the cliffs. The signs of the mine remain blotted out and people could pass over the rocks treading on the values and never see them.

"The enclosure is 50 varas square covering up the treasure inside and outside of the mine. There are 2050 mule loads of virgin silver and 905 loads of gold and silver. The total value amounts to \$45,000,000 pesos."

The above information was taken from an old document which is said, upon good authority, to have been copied from the church records in Spain. There is also a tradition among the Indians living in the vicinity of the mission that the mine was discovered by Indians in the year 1508 and that it was being worked by them for its rich surface ores when the Spaniards landed their ships on the coast of Mexico in 1519, and that in 1540 Spaniards accompanying Coronado on his famous expedition to the north in quest of the golden treasures of the Seven Cities of Cibola, found the Indians in possession of the fabulously rich mine.

The Spaniards confiscated the mine and built a mission of their own near the Indian temple. The mine was called the Virgin Guadalupe after their patron saint.

The Indians called their village Tumacacori (spelled Tumtacor on old Spanish maps in possession of the writer). The village and Indian temple were located about 25 miles northwest of the present ruins of the Tumacacori mission which was built in 1698 on the west bank of the Santa Cruz river on account of the rich agricultural lands to be found there. The lower mission is located near the San Cayetano mountain and is often referred to by the Indians as Tumacacori de San Cayetano, in order to distinguish it from the upper mission which was located on the southern slopes of the Cerrita mountains and in a very rich mining district.

The Lost Guadalupe has been sought persistently for many years in the vicinity of the lower mission by prospectors and adventurers who evidently were not aware of the fact that there were two Tumacacori missions. One man is said to have spent 12 years and \$25,000 searching for the Guadalupe mine and the great treasure in the Tumacacori mountains to the west of the lower mission. This man is said to have had in his possession a copy of an old document copied from the church records in Spain, but like many others he did not know that there were two missions and that the Guadalupe and several other rich mines described in the old document are

all located in the Cerrita mountains in the vicinity of the upper mission.

Extensive ruins on the southern slopes of the Cerritas, and old caved workings in the vicinity indicate beyond a doubt that considerable mining operations were carried on there by the Indians and later by the Spaniards. Just why the mine was closed and abandoned in 1648 is unknown, but it is presumed to have been raided by the Indians in one of the numerous uprisings that occurred about then.

A considerable amount of treasure has, at different times, been found in and around the lower mission. This treasure consists of candlesticks, silver crosses, and considerable bullion which was supposed to have been left by the Franciscan fathers when they abandoned the mission in 1823 because of the Mexican revolution and the accompanying Indian raids. However, the great treasure that has been so persistently sought by Mexicans and Americans alike for more than 80 years, is undoubtedly located in the vicinity of the upper and earlier mission, which according to tradition was built and destroyed sometime between the years 1540 and 1648. The mine is said to have been abandoned and the mountain peaks shot down over the mouth of the tunnel to conceal the rich ore and the vast treasure that had accumulated during the long years that the mine was worked by the Indians and later by the Spanish invaders and their Indian neophytes.

Fig Tree John was living in a crude jacal on the shore of Salton sea near the eastern tip of the Santa Rosa range when the first white settlers came to the Colorado desert. He remained there until his death in 1927. He resented the coming of the white men—and their trespass on what he considered his own tribal hunting ground. His threatening attitude toward visitors at times, gained him the reputation of being a "bad Indian." Fiction writers who magnified his faults and presented him as a shameless rascal, have done him an injustice. He was no saint, but his hostility toward intruders was due more likely to resentment and fear than to inherent maliciousness. Desert Magazine editors wanted a true appraisal of Fig Tree John—hence the accompanying story by Nina Paul Shumway and Leland Yost, who knew Fig Tree as a frequent caller at their ranch homes.

The origin of this frayed blue army uniform remained a mystery, but Fig Tree John always wore it and the "topper" when he attended the white man's fiestas. Photograph from the C. C. Pierce collection.

Fig Tree John's Gun Was Never Loaded

By NINA PAUL SHUMWAY and LELAND YOST

IT was the 25th of December but the California sun beamed ardently on the crowd that was beginning to gather around the long barbecue tables in the little desert town of Coachella. Ungreased wheels screeching, a buggy crawled down the dusty street and stopped under a lacy avalanche of pepper-tree branches where a dozen or more other Indian rigs and saddle-ponies were tied in the shade. A man climbed down and, followed by an ample brown woman in full-skirted calico, started toward the barbecue tables. Before the pair had taken a score of steps, cameras were out in the crowd. Someone shouted:

"Hi, Fig Tree, stand still. I want to take your picture." The man halted and stood there in the blaze of desert sunlight, a grotesque yet oddly dignified figure. His short muscular body was clothed in a frayed blue army uniform whose brass buttons glittered. On his head, almost resting on his ears was a tall black silk "topper," a bit rusty and scuffed by time and use, but still impressive. Under its brim shrewd black eyes looked out through slits in a strong dark mask of bone and skin carved by age as boulders are carved by erosion. He did not lean on the cane he carried. It was merely for effect—part of the costume he always wore for gala occasions like this Christmas celebration of 1910.

That is how many of us who were Coachella valley pioneers best remember Fig Tree John. It is a sort of landmark in our memories. We would like to keep it, as we try to keep our other landmarks, from being defaced by vandals. We would like to replace in popular thought the false picture of a vile and degenerate savage that fiction has painted, the dirty daub of rumor, with a recognizable likeness of Fig Tree John—chief of the Agua Dulce (Sweet Water) clan of Ca-huilla Indians—whose name and colorful personality interwoven with the earliest history of this valley, our Pioneer society is to commemorate with a boulder bearing an inscribed tablet.

Others among his race, primitive inhabitants of the Coachella section of the Colorado desert, were outstanding men of their type. Fig Tree belonged to no type. He was an individualist. They were Indians. He was Fig Tree John.

According to his son, Johnny Mack, Fig Tree John was in



his 136th year and still fairly sound of mind and body when an attack of flu took him off on April 11, 1927. No one who had seen him could doubt this reckoning. His feet, more than his face, showed how far he had come over the primitive trail of time. Horny and splayed like an ancient eagle's they had lost almost the last trace of human semblance. Usually they were bare, though he could crowd them into shoes if the oc-

casion were important enough. Like many of the older Cahuillas he sometimes wore the native sandals — mere footpads of matted yucca fibre an inch or more thick, held on by thongs. When traveling without his wife he rode horseback, until about 1910. After that he used the buggy which apparently never knew the benefit of axle-grease.

His real name was *Juanita Razón*. Chester A. Pinkham, who came to the valley in 1891, often wrote letters for him. Mr. Pinkham frequently camped by the spring on Fig Tree's rancharía, and came to know him as well as a white man could. He explained to Fig Tree that Juanita was the feminine of Juanito, little John (or as he would say, Johnny). It made no difference. Fig Tree insisted that the name be signed Juanita and care be taken that the accent mark be placed over the last syllable of Razón.

His nickname came from the planting of Black Mission figs around the spring beside which he lived in a wattled jacal — a hut of arrow weed and mud, a primitive type of dwelling he never gave up. The trees were mature when the first white settlers came to the valley. The cuttings must have been brought from one of the missions, probably when Juanita attended one of the great Indian gatherings to which all the peaceful tribes, designated after the coming of the padres as Mission Indians, were invited.

It is a mark of his distinction that they were the only fig trees in that part of the country. And, as there were many Juans or Johns, Fig Tree John became a natural identification tag among white men. His spring, well known for its good water, was called by the Cahuillas in their own tongue, *Pal-tookvush-kia-kia-ya-wet* signifying blue water. It became known as "Fig Tree John Spring" and the name was given permanence and some historic importance by its appearing on all early maps and government surveys of the region.

The physical and mental differences that set Fig Tree John apart from his tribesmen gave rise to the stubborn rumor that he was not a Cahuilla but a renegade from Arizona. Those of his race who did not like him, supported this. And a semblance of fact is given it by an incident told by Mr. Pinkham:

A friend of his, Jim Black, seeing Fig Tree for the first time, exclaimed, "Hello, where did that Apache come from?" On being told that Fig Tree was one of the local Cahuillas, Black said, "No, positively no. And I'll prove it." He then saluted Fig Tree in the Apache tongue. Fig Tree, apparently pleased, returned the greeting in the same language. Black said Fig Tree had admitted he came from Arizona many years before. The two men carried on their subsequent conversation in Spanish—the language used by

most of the older Cahuillas with white men.

Evidence gathered on the Martinez reservation, headquarters of the Cahuilla Indian agency, discredits the story that Fig Tree was an Apache. On the reservation the Razóns are regarded as an old and well-established Cahuilla family. This is their standing among the clans represented at Santa Rosa, Cahuilla, Palm Springs, Cabezon and Morongo. Fig Tree John died on the Martinez reservation and is buried there in the Catholic cemetery. His wife, a son—Jake, and an only daughter—Mrs. John Roxie, are also buried there. His brother, Billy Razón whose birth date appears on the agency register as 1851, and a nephew namesake of Fig Tree's, Juanito Razón, live on the reservation. There is another nephew, Henry Matthews, who works outside the valley. This is too much family background for a renegade—the lone wolf from another tribe.

August Lomas, an intelligent and well educated Cahuilla whose father was chief of the Martinez clan, said positively, "I know Juanita Razón was a Cahuilla. My people have always known his. He married a woman of the Cabezon clan. He was chief of the Agua Dulce clan. In Cahuilla that is *To-va*. But the real name of the clan is *Tama-ka-ha-chim*."

Johnny Mack, the sole survivor of Fig Tree's immediate family, also used this clan name when talking of his father's origin. He said it meant Indians that in the beginning came from the East. (Could that have been what Fig Tree told Mr. Black—and been misunderstood?)

Johnny says that his father was born at what white men called Fig Tree John spring; that Fig Tree inherited this spring and adjacent lands to the south and west from his father, and that was why he had claimed ownership of them.

The Southern Pacific railroad, either from kindness or diplomacy, waived its claim to the land until Fig Tree John was gone. The era was past when Johnny Mack Razón could hope to inherit the lands of his ancestors. His birthplace is part of the Beach-Vessey ranch, and Johnny, now 67 years of age, works at the Stratton place on the north shore of Salton sea.

Fig Tree John, perhaps because he was too old when the change came, perhaps because his nature was too primitive and too unyielding, could not accept the fate of his race; he could only fear it. His actions show that after the coming of the settlers he was constantly badgered by fear of being put off the desolate rancharía which had been his home for close to a century.

His defenses were up. Always he tried to impress upon white men the importance of his chieftaincy, the vastness of his domain and his absolute rule over it. His sweeping gesture of dominion would

take in the whole vast stretch of waterless wilderness to the south of Rabbit peak in the lower Santa Rosa range, and east to Salton sea.

He resented any infringement of his authority. At one time he put a barbed wire fence around his spring. When Chester Pinkham came he unquestioningly camped outside the enclosure and carried water to his burros. Later, when Pinkham was accompanied by a partner, the partner scorned Fig Tree's tabu. Be darned if any old so-and-so would make him pack water! He'd camp inside, right by the spring.

When they were settled Fig Tree appeared and sternly ordered them outside the fence. The partner refused to move. Fig Tree got his old Winchester and pointed it. The partner reached for his own gun. Fig Tree lowered his, and marched off. But the next time Chester Pinkham came, Fig Tree did not greet him in the customary way as *amigo*—friend, but as *hombre*—man.

If there was nothing to arouse his instinctive fear of the white man's power, Fig Tree John could be kind and hospitable. An instance of this was when he saved the life of another partner of Pinkham's. This youth, "Babe" Smith, rashly undertook against Pinkham's advice to spend the summer in the Carriso section of the desert far to the south of Fig Tree's rancharía. He lost his burros and came crawling half dead into Fig Tree's jacal. The Indian kept him there a week, caring for him until he could travel, then took him horseback into Mecca, the nearest outpost of civilization.

The old days were passing and with them the freedom of the desert's children. The other Cahuillas, by their very docility, were leagued with the whites. It left Fig Tree alone against the world. He set a line of mesquite posts along what he considered his north boundary line and forbade even those of his own race to cross it. His order was backed by a threatening display of his ancient 44-40 model 63 Winchester carbine. The Indian agent, then stationed at San Jacinto, was notified of this outrage. He came down with some Indian police. Fig Tree defied them. He held them off, too, with his antique firearm until a pair of them circled round through the brush and grabbed him from behind. The papers made the most of this uprising. It was evident that old Fig Tree John was a bad Indian.

At various times thereafter he ordered intruders off his rancharía, menacing them with the Winchester. This didn't improve his reputation. Eventually the gun proved to be unloaded and minus certain essential shooting-parts. But as long as nobody knew it but Fig Tree, the bluff worked.

By 1914 he had not been seriously molested and felt secure in his stronghold.

Once the Paul family loaded up the hayrack and made an overnight camping trip to Salton sea, whose shore lay within the Razón boundary. Fig Tree kept them under his eyes, but beyond warning them that they were on private property, he offered no objection to their visit.

When all were in bed and everything quiet for the night, he and his wife returned to their jacal. By that time this had been moved back to Agua Dulce spring, now on the Daras Cox ranch, where Fig Tree lived after the Colorado broke through and poured into the Salton basin in 1905-7, inundating the home-site at Fig Tree John spring.

At dawn he creaked back in his buggy to stand guard for the day. He brought along a battered straw suitcase containing his uniform and top hat in which he offered to pose for his photograph, price *un peso*.

Where he got this historic outfit is a mystery. Hearsay has it that the uniform was issued to him by the government when he acted as a scout for General Fremont. There seems to be no sound basis for this story. His name is not listed with those of U. S. scouts. Yet Johnny Mack insists that his father acted as a scout for Fremont. It is reasonable to conclude that in an unofficial capacity Fig Tree guided a detachment of soldiers across the badlands at the extreme lower end of the Santa Rosas in the region of 17 Palms.

Johnny does not claim that the uniform was a relic of his father's service. He doesn't know just how either that or the hat was acquired. But he says that as he remembers it, once when he was a very little boy his father took him to Los Angeles to some kind of Indian meeting. He thinks that there somebody gave Fig Tree the outfit.

Anyway it was a fine thing to have when the cameras came along. And Fig Tree soon learned to put a price on posing in it. He had a talent for making money, rare even in the educated Caahuilla. When the original Southern Pacific tracks were submerged by the outbreak of the Colorado river that formed the present Salton sea, Fig Tree John hired a crew of Indians to salvage the ties that washed ashore. There was a ready market for them among incoming settlers who needed fenceposts. The railroad again respected Fig Tree's "rights" and the old chief did a thriving business as long as the ties lasted.

Trading was another way in which he showed his commercial instinct, especially horse trading. In early days he always managed to keep a herd of lean ponies on his rancharia. And he made a good thing out of swapping them. He liked to spend two or three days dickering, getting all the fun and profit that could be squeezed out of a deal.

His love of barter was carried even in-



Fig Tree John and his wife, in their later years, drove to Mecca in a buckboard

to the kitchens of friendly housewives in the Oasis district—the agricultural settlement nearest his rancharia — and the housewives very seldom came out ahead. When Mrs. Yost received a watermelon from Fig Tree's patch, she gave, by request, a bag of sugar, or a pound of coffee. Yet he would always present his offering with the ceremonious air of making a gift. Then he would sit around letting his generosity soak in before he indicated what he would be pleased to accept in return.

When he had nothing to exchange, he tried just asking for what he wanted. It often worked. He made a habit of calling about once a week on various housewives and frankly stating what food he craved. Usually he got it. There was one startling exception. He made his regular call at a certain home and found nobody around but the small boy of the family—a great friend of Fig Tree's. Fig Tree asked where the señora was, and the youngster took the old chief by the hand and led him upstairs and into the room where the lady was in her bath. For once Fig Tree left without asking for anything.

Despite his independence, Fig Tree in his later years depended more and more on the generosity of his white neighbors for his food supply. With increasing age, and the scarcity of wild game, his trips into the Santa Rosas on hunting and foraging trips became less frequent. The seeds and nuts and roots of the aboriginal diet were hard to gather and prepare, and were not nearly so tasty or easy on the gums as corned beef and canned peaches—his favorite dainties.

His visits to the store at Mecca were important occasions. They were always made on a week-day when the clerks

would have plenty of time to give him. Mrs. Razón was permitted to purchase cloth and trinkets, but Fig Tree bought the provisions. With great deliberation he selected one article at a time and paid for it before going on to the next. At the end he never forgot to ask for the *penal*—the gift that among the Mexicans takes the place of our cash discount.

Fig Tree paid cash—or its equivalent. There are reliable people who say that he sometimes paid "Gene" Hill, the pioneer merchant at Mecca, with raw gold. Mr. Hill is dead and there is no way to prove the report, which has been twisted into all sorts of shapes from the usual lost mine to the myth about a prospector murdered for his gold.

If Fig Tree ever had raw gold in his possession, the chances are he received it in payment for a pony or provisions either from a prospector or an Indian from the Colorado river country where gold was fairly plentiful in early days. But that is only a guess.

Many people have asked for the truth about Fig Tree John. The best we can do is to winnow out what obviously was false or purely speculative and to gather what few authentic facts, incidents, details, memories and pictures remain. The truth about a man is as deep as his soul.

When talking over the drama of early days as it had affected his father, Johnny Mack said, batting at the flies that swarmed over from a nearby corral, "White men are like flies; you fight one off and another comes."

All right, Johnny Mack. Our race deserves that from yours. And what do flies know of the souls of the men they torment—old, old desert men like Fig Tree John standing in the sun?



Evening Glow

By MRS. CARYL R. FIRTH
Trappe, Maryland

Winner of the first prize in the monthly contest conducted by the Desert Magazine was taken in late afternoon near Tucson, Arizona, with a Speed Graphic 3½x4¼ camera, Super Plenachrome film, K2 filter, 25 sec., f4.5.

Tumacacori Mission

By LOUIS R. CAYWOOD
Nogales, Arizona

Awarded second prize in the November contest. Taken with a 9x12 cm. Maxima B. camera, f4.5 Tessar lens, 1/25 sec. at f5.6. Infra red filter.

Special Merit

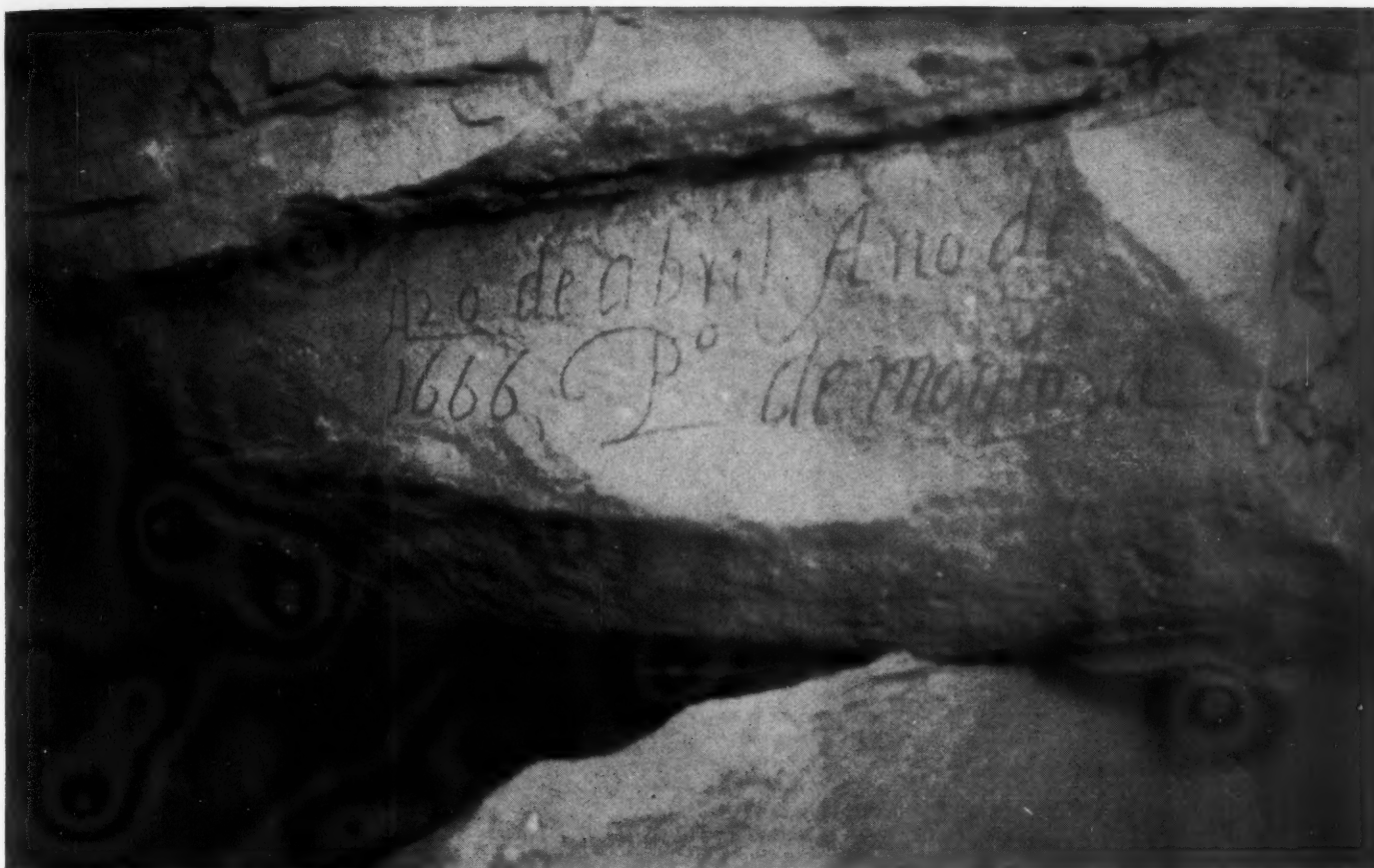
The following photographs were considered by the judges to have exceptional merit:

"Monument Valley," by Fred Hankins, Taft, Calif.

"Great White Throne," by C. D. Clearwater, Pacific Palisades, California.

"Twenty Nine Palms," by K. L. Post, Orange, California.





Some 35 years before Father Kino was founding Tumacacori and San Xavier Missions in southern Arizona, the mysterious Spaniard Don Pedro de Montoya carved his name on a sandstone slab at Hwoyé Spring near Steamboat Canyon in Apache County, Arizona.

Inscription at Hwoye Spring

By RICHARD VAN VALKENBURGH

CARVED on a sandstone slab fallen from the crumbly walls of a small cove near Steamboat canyon in northern Arizona is an ancient Spanish inscription, which as far as written history records had never been seen by white men before November, 1939.

My first hint of the existence of old Spanish inscriptions in the Hopi country came in 1933 when I was at the village of Shungopovi witnessing the *Powamu*, or Bean dance. As a guest of Luis Pinto, the son of the old snake priest, Hanowatewa, it had been a rare experience to shinny down the ladder of the Bear kiva and see the last night dance of the *kat-chinas* or God impersonators.

In the muggy grey of the morning

after the dance Luis guided me down the twisting and worn trail that led from the house-hive perched on the rim of the mesa. When a lower bench was reached, the vast ruin of Old Shungopovi spread out before us. While we walked through the litter of trash, pottery shards, and fallen walls, the young Hopi recalled the 800-year-old tradition of the ancient pueblo.

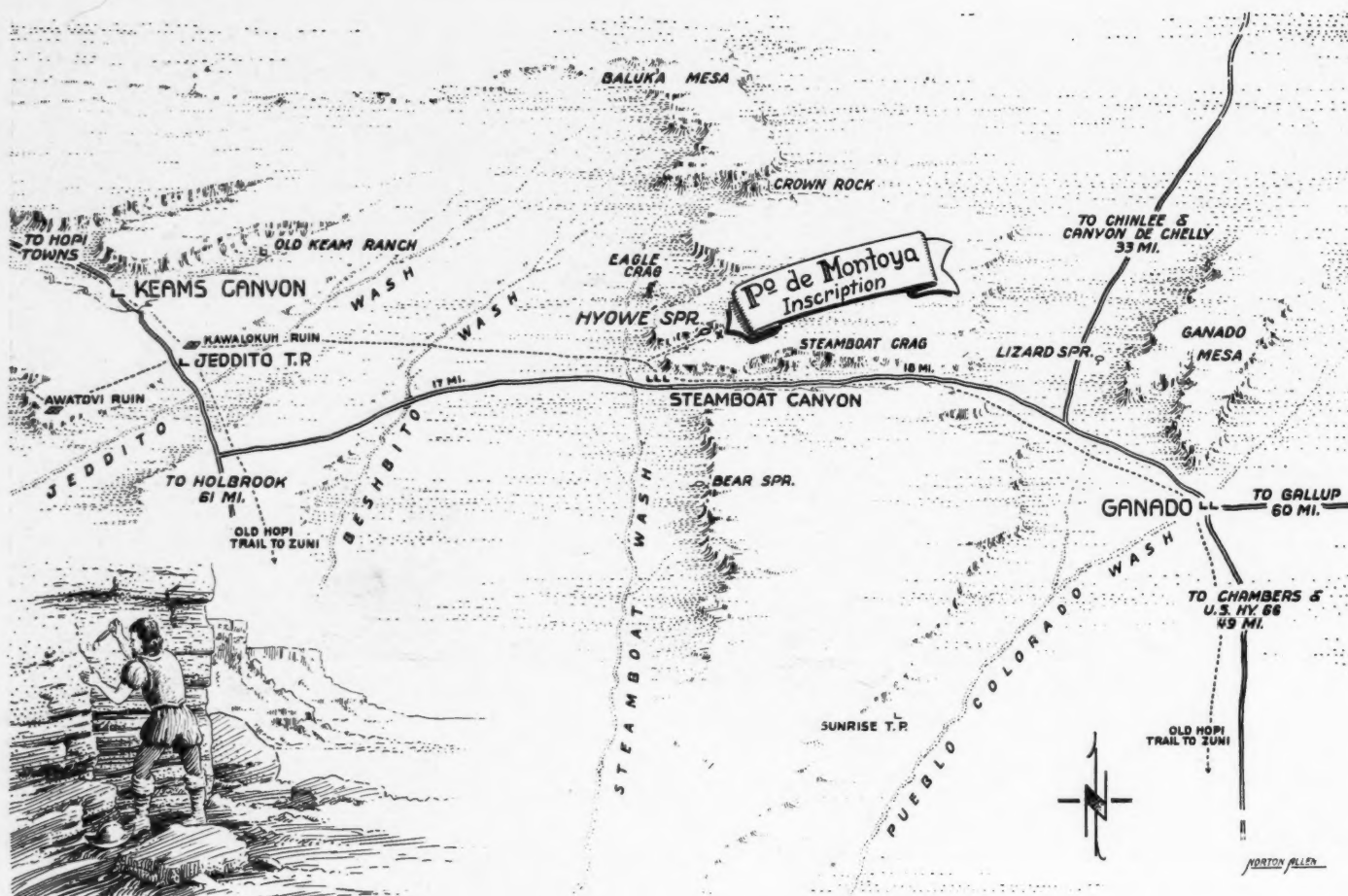
We came finally to the site of an old Spanish mission. While I was trying to outline the plan of the adobe and rubble walls which had long ago fallen and melted back into the earth, I caught something Luis said, "Long ago—one of the Spaniards carved his name on a rock many miles east of here!"

As far as is known, the records of the Spanish conquistadores do not mention Pedro de Montoya. He may have been a soldier, or a simple muleteer. But he camped at a remote spring in the region now known as northern Arizona 274 years ago—and left a record of his visit there. Van Valkenburgh was the discoverer of the old inscription, and here is the story, printed for the first time.

When I pressed him for more detail about the exact location, he waved his arm to the east as he said, "*Siovahu*, they say," and would talk no more. I wrote the word down quickly and made up my mind to search for the inscription.

During the following years I made inquiry among my Navajo and Hopi friends. The word was strange to the Hopi as it was the Navajo, and I gained not a single clew as to the location of the elusive *Siovahu*. When I returned later to Shungopovi to have another try with Luis, his family was in mourning. He had died the week before.

Then, one day in October of 1939, Howela Polacca, the son of the old Mormon Hopi who had founded the village



of Polacca in 1890, came to my office at Fort Defiance. He asked me to assist him in preparing a memorial to his father. While digging through my note books, I came upon the smudged words that I had written down when Luis had mentioned the inscription six years before.

I mentioned it to Howela. He looked puzzled, as had the other Hopi. I traced it with a soft pencil. Howela studied it for a moment, and then laughed, "You have been saying it wrong all these years. It is a spring. *Siovahu* means the Spring of Wild Onions. The Navajo call it *Hwoyé*, Fear Place."

Hwoyé Spring struck home! It was known to me as an important watering place 40 miles northwest of my home at Fort Defiance, Arizona. Feeling that Luis had been telling the truth, I made plans for the search with Roy Dunn, a friend of mine and the son of Ray Dunn, pioneer Indian trader of Navajo mountain and Fort Defiance.

The slaty clouds promised snow when we left the oasis of Fort Defiance one crisp morning in November. After cresting the summit of the ponderosa pine covered Defiance plateau at Burnt Fir hill, we followed the graveled road down the western slope through lavender colored sage plains into the crumbly varie-

gated hills of the valley of the Pueblo Colorado.

We stopped at Ganado, Arizona for a short visit at the rambling frontier home of Don Lorenzo Hubbell, one of the first white traders to the Hopi and Navajo. Then we rumbled across the wooden bridge of the ice crusted Pueblo Colorado wash and crunched over the pastel colored shales of Snake hill. Right here, let me tell you that when it rains, this is the slimiest, stickiest stretch of mud in the Navajo country.

Soon we came to Lizard Springs fork. Taking the west fork, for the east led to Chinlee and the Canyon de Chelly, we crossed a sweeping plain hemmed in by cinnabar colored mesas and punctuated by lonely clumps of dusty-green juniper trees. The twisting down-grade that cuts from the plains into Steamboat canyon slowed our pace. After passing Steamboat crag, a vast monolith of Dakota sandstone, the canyon opened and we came to the small settlement of Steamboat canyon.

We turned north off the main road and followed a rutted wagon trail for a mile. Getting out of our car at the end of the road, we walked a short distance. Soon, we found a veritable autograph album of rocks. Taking advantage of the

excellent cross-light, we shot pictures. Many of the names carved on the rocks were recognized as those of pioneer Arizonans who had passed through the region in the 1870s to settle at Snowflake and St. Johns.

Going deeper into the cove, we followed the trail that was being pinched in between the converging chrome-colored canyon walls. When the rinconada was reached, the spring of Hwoyé gleamed like obsidian in the slanting shadows cast by the overhanging ledges. We were at the spring. Now where was the Spanish inscription?

It was moist and cool in the grotto where the spring seeped from moss covered rocks. There was little room, for the alcove was almost filled with a massive rock which in ages past had crashed down from the crumbly ceiling. While noting the names that had been carved on this rock since 1890, I glanced at the wall above me. Vague lines began to take form in the semi-darkness. I looked closer and read:

"SHALL I NOT DRINK IT?"
St. John.

Colyer
1869.

Clasped hands were carved in the center. Beside one was an arrow and near

the other was an American flag. Apparently Colyer had intended to signalize the new peace between the Navajo and the Americans upon the signing of the Treaty of 1868 at Fort Sumner, New Mexico. We suspected that Colyer was a soldier out of Fort Wingate, New Mexico.

Still hunting for the Spanish inscription, I spied a series of ancient Anasazi petroglyphs in another section of the grotto. Working through the litter of rocks, I came to a small slab which had been split from the main massive. The base appeared to have been partially exposed by erosion. I had to bend to look under its low rim. After focusing my eyes to the dim light, I jumped up and yelled to Roy, "Luis was right! We have it! It's the old Spanish inscription!"

Roy scrambled around the big rock and we read together:

*"A 20 DE ABRIL ANO DE 1666,
Po DE MONTOYA."*

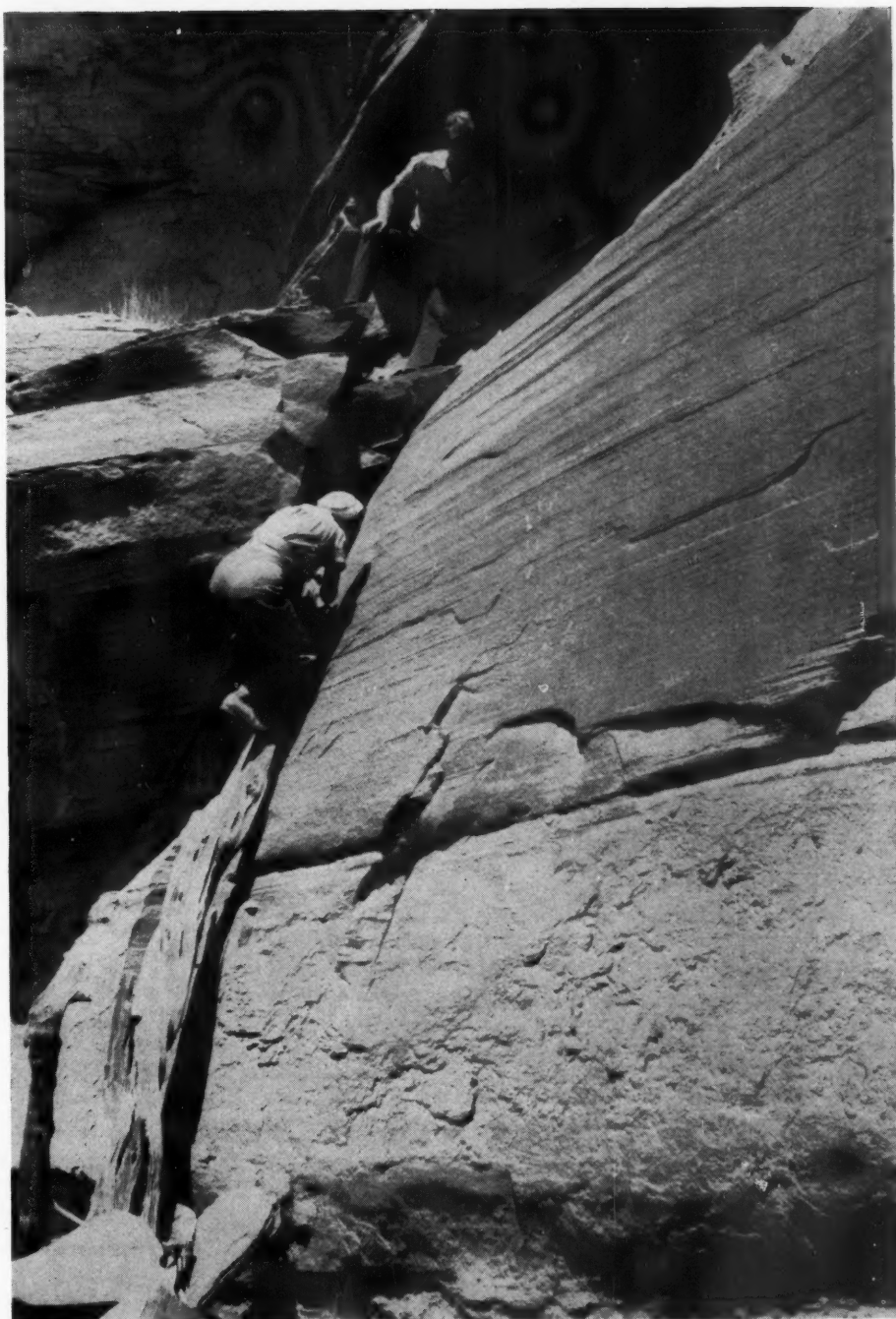
For some moments we thought it might be a hoax. However, upon closer inspection and study of the form of writing in comparison with those we had seen at Inscription Rock at El Morro, New Mexico, we grew sure of the authenticity of our inscription.

Roy grinned at me as he said, "Van, it looks like we have just found the earliest Spanish inscription yet known in Arizona!"

I thought a minute before answering, "No! Confound the luck! Old Pedro was five years later than the mysterious Carlos Arnais who inscribed his name in Navajo canyon in 1661. This is near Inscription House in Navajo national monument 50 miles north of Tuba City."

We sketched a facsimile of our discovery and then twisted ourselves into pretzels to shoot good angles with our cameras. Soon the necessary work was finished and as night was rapidly settling, we returned our steps back down the canyon to our car. While the lights to our homeward bound car cut a gleaming path through the enveloping darkness, we both talked and wondered who Pedro de Montoya could have been.

Before Christmas I went to Shungopovi to visit Luis' father and mother. All that I could get from them was that *Siovahu* spring was a famed watering place on the old Hopi salt trail to Zuni Salt Lake some miles east of Springerville, Arizona. Hanowatewa further suggested that Pedro might have been one of the soldiers guarding the cattle of the Franciscans who had established three missions among the Hopi in 1629. This seems reasonable, for the region immed-



Precarious spots are no stalemate to Inscription Hunters. The notched log ladder was used some 700 hundred years ago by the cliff dwellers of northern Arizona. Soon after Pedro de Montoya visited the Hopi country, the mud and stones were laid to build this oldest house in Shungopovi. Photo by Milton Snow.

iately north of *Siovahu* was called by the Spanish, La Mesa de las Vacas, or the Mesa of the Cattle.

To date, I have combed every Spanish and New Mexican reference available. Montoya was, and still is, an important name in New Mexico, but none seem to have borne the given name of Pedro. Leading Hispano-American historians have been queried. They know nothing of the man. The only lead so far uncovered is that of Evon Z. Vogt, editor of the Gallup Gazette and the first custodi-

an of the El Morro national monument. He remembers seeing the name somewhere on the famed Inscription Rock, but the present custodian has advised me that he cannot find it.

Let us sincerely hope that some scholar working in the musty Spanish archives will discover the identity of the mysterious Don Pedro de Montoya. Until that time, we will have to wonder who he was, and what was his role in the dramatic Spanish era of northern Arizona.

Quien sabe!

Every desert visitor knows about Catsclaw. It grows in the arroyos and on the hillsides — just waiting to hook its barbed claws into those who approach too close. But despite its snarly disposition, it really is a very useful plant, and a member of a highly respected family in the botanical world. Here's an opportunity for you to become better acquainted with Catsclaw—without getting too close to it.

Devil's Protege

By MARY BEAL

LIKE many other natives of the desert, Catsclaw is harmless enough if you stay away from it. But it doesn't fancy being fondled. It is armed with the barbed claws of a wildcat—and you'll feel 'em if you get too close. The early settlers called it Devil's claw—prompted no doubt by their experience in trying to gather it for firewood.

In season it makes a good appearance, attired in a garment of feathery light-green leaves, a vivid splash of color against the duller low shrubs about it. Later this bright-green is almost concealed by a fluffy mantle of creamy-yellow catkins. All pinked up in blossoms it looks as innocent and friendly as any pet house-cat.

But don't be misled. Its gentleness is only skin-deep. Beneath the leaf and flower clusters are cruel thorns, short but stout, sharp as the wildcat's claws and as ready to scratch. It stretches out to clutch the unwary passerby with an entangling grip not easily loosened. While freeing one's self from one set of claws another set nabs some other spot.

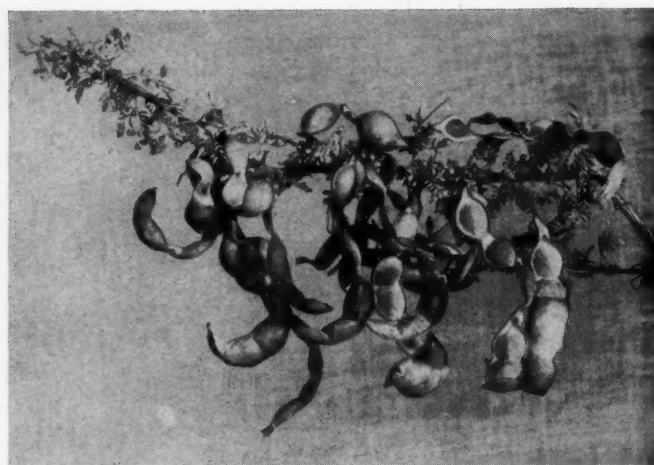
But like many cantankerous humans Catsclaw has strength of character and useful attributes. So let's give it credit for its good qualities. The heavy, close-grained, reddish-brown wood is very hard and its durability made it valuable to aborigines and pioneers for many years.

As fuel it gave superlative heat; trunks and limbs of the sizable individuals made stout posts, rails and household articles. Its shiny deep-brown circular seeds were used for food, ground into meal similar to mesquite meal though less palatable. A gum exuding from bark injuries, resembling gum arabic, (which comes from North African species of *Acacia*) made valued medicinal infusions, glue and varnish. In bloom each bush or tree becomes a favored bee-garden, producing a clear finely-flavored honey. For all these benefactions we are indebted, to say nothing of the birds and small animals that find shelter among and beneath its branches.

Cousin to the Mesquite, it is often mistaken for an improvident member of that genus of the Pea Family, but its branch is *Acacia*, a genus of large shrubs and trees with hundreds of species, over 300 of them in Australia, several of which have been introduced into the Southwest for evergreen ornamentals. Our few native species are deciduous; the Catsclaw by far the commonest.

Acacia greggii

The Una de Gato (Claw-of-the-Cat) of Mexico and our early Southwest honors in its specific name Josiah Gregg, widely-traveled frontiersman of the Southwest when it was Mexican territory. It is scattered over plains, rocky slopes and washes of the Colorado and Mojave deserts, Arizona, New Mexico and western Texas, from very low altitudes to 6000 feet, ranging south into Mexico. Usually in shrub form 5 to 10 feet high with short thick reclining trunks and widely spreading branches, though I have seen many well-shaped trees up to 20 feet tall. The young branchlets are purplish or reddish-brown, aging grey. The pinnate leaves, only an inch or two long, have a few pairs of tiny leaflets inclined to fold inward. The minute flowers are crowded in dense spikes an



Seed-pots of the Catsclaw—*Acacia greggii*

inch or two long, very fluffy with tufts of protruding stamens. These fuzzy pale-yellow catkins develop into flat reddish seed pods, 1 to 6 inches long, curved or bent and much constricted between the seeds.

Acacia farnesiana

A Mexican species spreading into Texas and reported farther west. A much-branched shrub or small tree, more or less thorny, the deep-yellow flower clusters globular and very fragrant, the pods almost cylindrical. Known variously as Popinac, Opoponax, Cassie, and Huisache, it has been naturalized in most tropical countries. In southern France it was grown for perfumery and in Hawaii it escaped from cultivation to become almost a pest.

Acacia filicina (*jilicnoides*)

Another Mexican and Texas species, known as Timbe. An unarmed shrub with orange or yellow globular flower-heads in terminal panicles, the flat pods broadly linear, slightly curved or straight, irregular and not pulpy.

Another Texas species, extending westward into southern Arizona is *Acacia constricta*, distinguished by white flowers.

Acacia willardiana

The Palo Lisso of Mexico ranges along the boundary into southern Arizona, particularly about Nogales. A very beautiful tree with a slender trunk and branches spreading gracefully. Its snow-white bark peels off in tissue-thin portions. Quite curious are the leaves, mostly a flat green axis with only a few tiny leaflets near the apex.

Prizes to Amateur Photographers

Every month the Desert Magazine offers two cash prizes of \$5.00 and \$3.00 for the best amateur desert photographs submitted. Pictures are limited to the desert, but there is no restriction as to the residence of the photographer. There are a wide range of subjects — rock formations, flowers, desert animals and reptiles, canyons, trees, dunes, prospectors, Indians—in fact anything that belongs to the desert.

RULES—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person each month. Prints must be 3½x5½ or larger, glossy. Winners are required to furnish glossy enlargements or negatives, if requested. Details as to camera, film, time, exposure, filter, etc., must accompany each entry.

Pictures submitted in the January contest must reach the Magazine office by January 20. Winners will be announced and the prize pictures published in the March number. For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication \$1.00 will be paid for each print. Non-winning pictures will be returned only when stamped envelopes or photo-mailers are enclosed.

ADDRESS CONTEST EDITOR
DESERT MAGAZINE — EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA



John Hilton and Harlow Jones (right) at one of the Clara Mae claims. Carrigan's peak in the background.

Specimens From an old Mine Dump

By JOHN W. HILTON
Photographs by Harlow Jones

"WELL, there's a lot of pretty green rocks up there on the old dumps, and the specimen collectors are welcome to take a few home if they want them."

The speaker was S. J. Curtis, owner of the general store at Bouse, Arizona.

Harlow Jones and I were out on a scouting trip for the Desert Magazine, and we had stopped at Bouse to inquire about the old copper camp at Swansea, 20 miles to the north.

Every old-time mining man in the Southwest knows about Swansea. High grade copper ore was found there, and in 1908 a mill was erected and a branch railroad built to connect with the Santa Fe at Bouse. Many difficulties were encountered, however, and after a brief run the mine was shut down. Later the tracks were torn up, and until recently

Swansea has remained virtually a ghost mining camp.

The mines and dumps of course are private property, and I did not want to suggest this camp as a possible field trip for Desert Magazine mineral collectors without first getting permission from those who owned the claims.

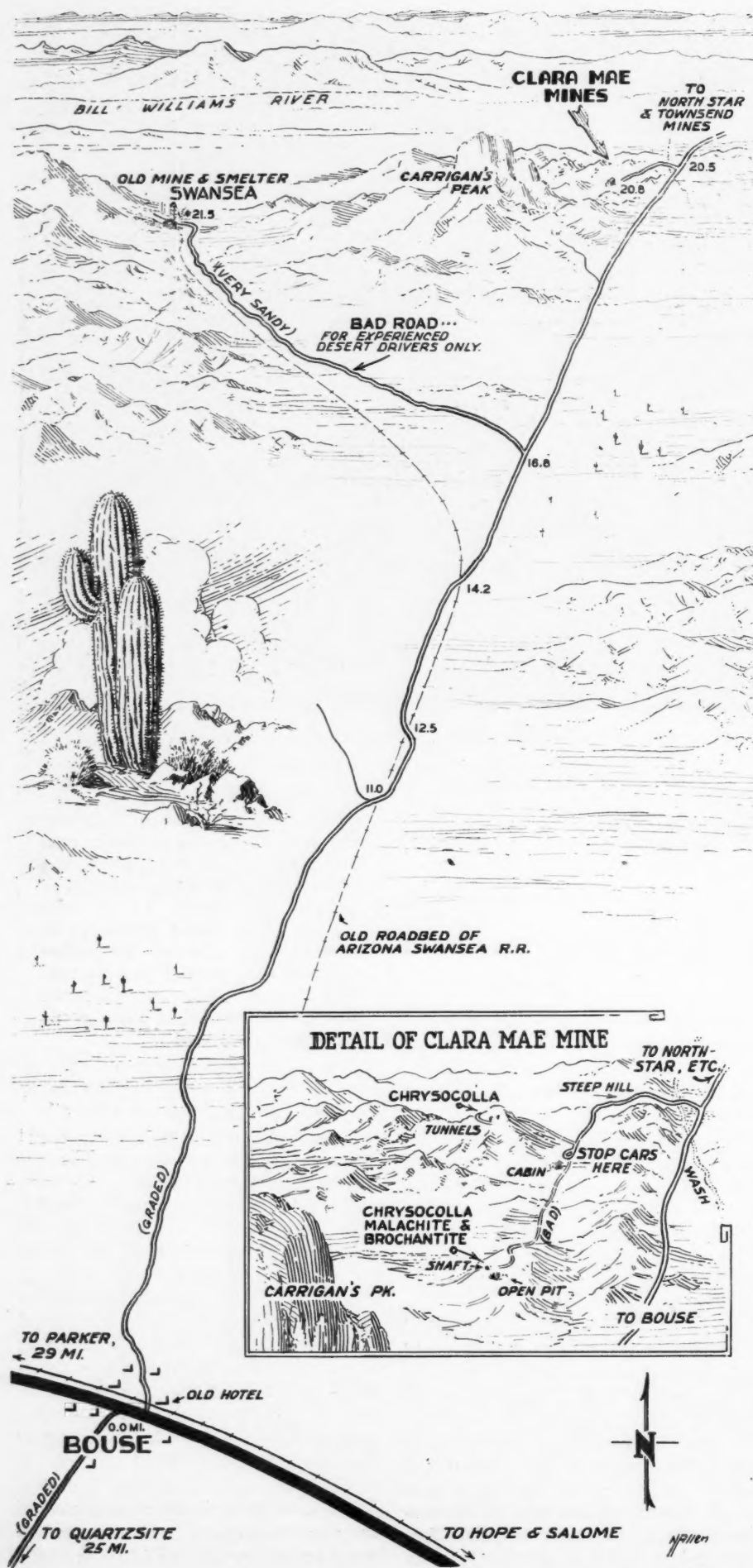
We found Mr. Curtis in his store weighing up 10 pounds of beans for a customer. When I told him what I had in mind and asked him where I could find the man who owned the property, he answered, "Well, I guess I am acquainted with the parties you want to see, since I own some of the property myself. My partner is C. C. Points and I don't see any reason why your rockhound friends couldn't pick some samples off the dumps. Our mine is the Clara Mae, and was once a part of the great

For this month's field trip, John Hilton visited the old copper camp at Swansea, Arizona, and obtained permission from the owners of some of the claims to gather specimens from the dumps. The same privilege is extended to Desert Magazine readers who would like to visit this historic mining region—and the ghost town that may come back to life again.

body of copper-bearing lands owned by the Clara Swansea Mining company."

We assured Mr. Curtis that we would impress upon the magazine readers that the mines are private property, and while they are welcome to a reasonable number of samples, the abuse of this privilege or any tampering with the tools, machinery and other equipment not only would be a violation of Arizona law, but would be contrary to the code of the rockhound fraternity. I am sure that collectors who take this trip will do nothing to discount Mr. Curtis' faith in the integrity of Desert Magazine readers. It is an interesting journey to the Clara Mae, and some very attractive specimens are to be found there.

While we were in the store several of the other residents of Bouse came in and every one got acquainted in the free and



easy manner of the real old-time mining towns.

Bouse formerly had about 1000 inhabitants, but there are only a few left. Harry Fuller, 80 years young, can remember when a man had to fight Indians to protect himself in Arizona territory. C. C. Points is a native son who was voting long before Arizona became a state. George Y. Lee, another veteran of the camp, obligingly posed beside the old tractor wagon in use when the mill was being built. He has helped dig that big-tired vehicle out of the sandy washes many a time.

With a hastily drawn map and many suggestions as to where we would find the most colorful rocks, we took a graded road out through the brush and cactus toward Swansea. At frequent intervals along the way we passed sideroads bearing the signs of mining companies operating in that region. From these signs it was evident this is a highly mineralized area, containing gold, copper, nickel, cobalt and barium. Doubtless many other minerals would be included in a complete mineral index of the Bouse district.

The sun was setting low and the giant cacti along the road were casting long shadows on the desert floor when we reached the final turn-off to the Clara Mae mine. Here we stopped for some color pictures of a rare Arizona sunset, with silhouettes of ocotillo and saguaro piercing the sky.

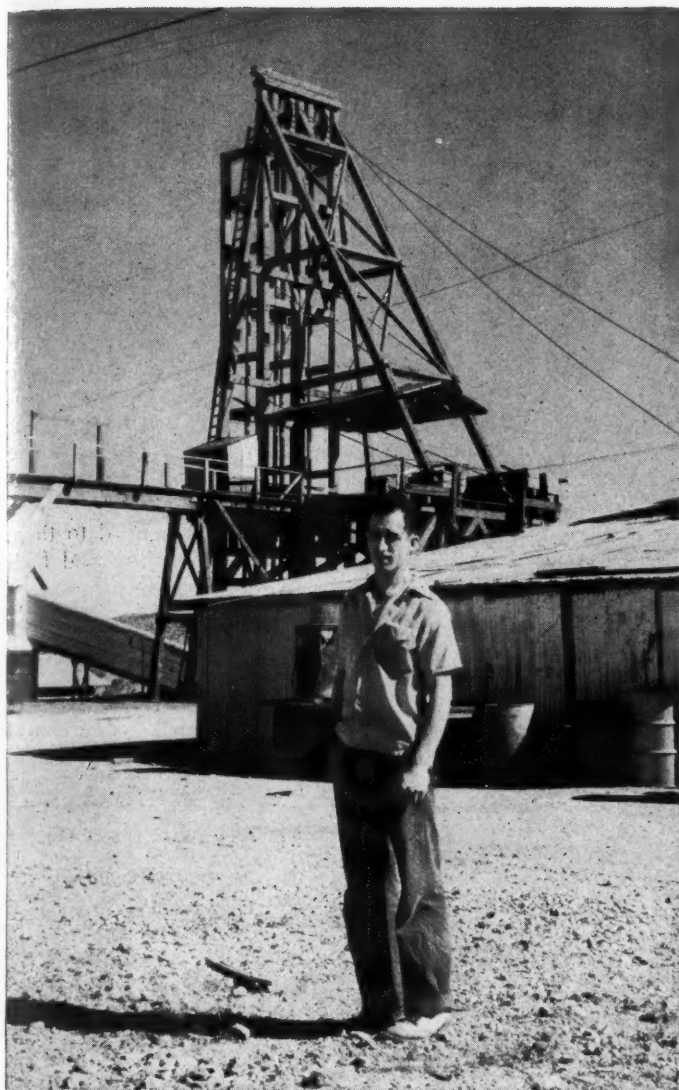
Darkness followed the sunset with an abruptness common to the desert. The lack of moisture in the air causes less light diffusion and cuts the twilight down to a minimum. Continuing past the Swansea turnoff we crossed a wash and ascended a rather steep hill. Then we dropped down into a pocket in the hills. A chilly wind was blowing across the desert toward Bouse, but inside this basin the air was calm and warm.

Presently our headlights picked out a small cabin, and we knew we had reached our destination.

Darkness had scarcely settled over the hills when we saw a bright glow in the east, and a few minutes later a full moon came over the rugged skyline and provided light for our supper camp.

Later in the evening we prowled over the hills in the bright moonlight exploring the rocks with a portable quartz lamp. We found little fluorescence except in the lime coating and in some chrysocolla on the mine dumps.

Morning disclosed two roads leading out of our camp. Both were so rocky and steep we left the car and did our exploring on foot. The trail that led to some workings on the hill directly above the cabin took us to a dump with considerable chrysocolla, but little else. Since it is in these workings that the owners have their tools and powder stored I would advise collectors to go to the other mines



Ernest C. Lane Jr. at the old Swansea copper camp which Ernest and his father expect to have in operation again in the next few months.



S. J. Curtis and his daughter of Bouse, Arizona. He operates the general store at Bouse, and with C. C. Points owns the old Clara Mae diggings in the Swansea field.

nearby for collecting. They'll find better specimens elsewhere anyway.

The other road leads directly past the cabin and up another steep hill to workings on the summit. Here we found our best specimens. There were many forms of copper. The chrysocolla was in small seams and masses, but too soft to polish. The malachite appeared as crusts and thin seams of tiny velvety crystals. The brochantite proved to be the surprise of the trip, with coatings of tiny transparent emerald green crystals. A few pieces of ore showed traces of azurite, but in such small quantities I would hardly list it as a specimen to be found here.

Other minerals we encountered included chalcocite (copper glance or grey copper), chalcophyllite (pyrites of copper), bornite (peacock copper) and specular hematite, an ore of iron that in some places constitutes over half the rock.

Few places afford so many different copper ores in so small an area, and it is probable that a microscopic study would

disclose the presence of several minerals I have not listed.

It was with reluctance that we finally left this fine collecting ground, for it seemed that every step revealed a different and interesting specimen to be examined.

We wanted to see the old mill and smelter at Swansea, and so we returned along the road toward Bouse. Presently we could see the roadbed of the old mine railroad ahead—the rails have all been removed. A road swung off to the right following the direction of the railroad.

It was not as well improved as the road we have been on. The ruts were deeper and the rocks sharper. We had traveled but a short distance when we realized why one of our informants at Bouse had remarked, "Yes, you can go to Swansea if you try hard enough."

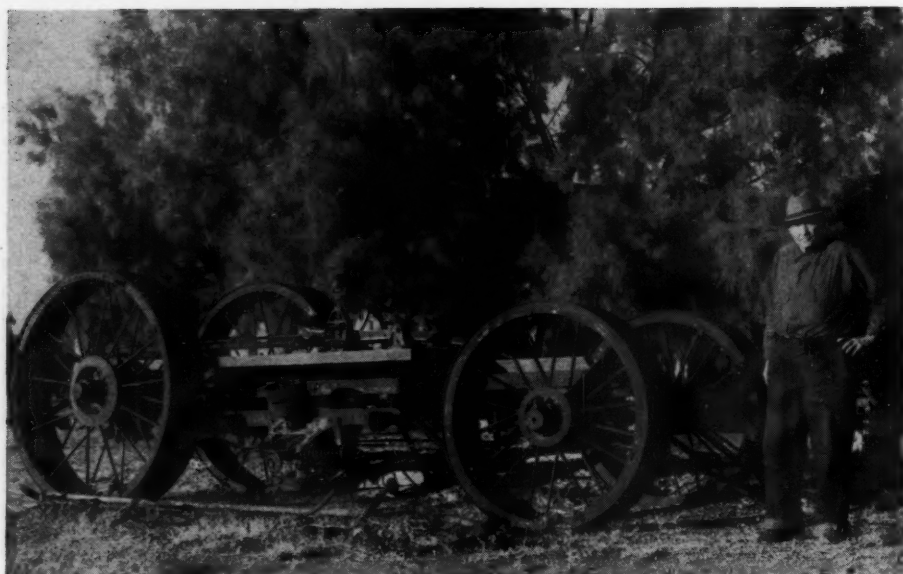
We followed a canyon. The railroad had been built well up out of the wash, but the road was in the sandy streambed.

It is not a road I would recommend for the average motorist.

Finally we rounded a point and saw the giant red-painted gallows over the mine, and the huge mill above it.

From a distance Swansea had the appearance of being a prosperous operating mining camp. The first building on the left was an adobe structure that had been the railroad station. Behind it was the wreckage of an old passenger coach and the cab of a locomotive that had been robbed for scrap iron. An interesting object was a gasoline-driven car with a canopy top that looked for all the world like an old surrey on railroad wheels. What a picture it must have made, chugging along through the cactus-studded hills, loaded down with passengers bound for the bright lights and excitement of Bouse.

Crossing the wash we drove up a street lined with rather well-preserved cottages, and stopped in front of the largest one. Here we met the Lanes, who are mak-



George Y. Lee posed for a picture beside the old tractor wagon which he herded through the sand in the days before the railroad was built to Swansea.

ing another attempt to bring Swansea back to life. They have leased the property and in a few weeks expect to begin work in one of the shafts and start ore rolling again to the mill. The machinery, about a million dollar's worth, appears to be in good condition and needs only men like Ernest C. Lane and Ernest Jr. with the vision and ambition to start the wheels turning again.

Ernest Jr. showed us through the principal buildings and told us a great deal about the history of the camp. The original operating company was organized about 1908 when several million shares of stock were sold, mostly in France and Belgium. Previous to that some ore had been shipped down the Colorado river to the gulf where it was reloaded and hauled around Cape Horn to Swansea, Wales. This of course was not an economical operation, so a smelter was built. This was not altogether satisfactory because the fluxes necessary to smelt this type of ore were too far away.

Then came the mill. Weighing about 3,000 tons and capable of reducing 700 tons of ore every 24 hours, it seemed to provide a profitable method of handling the copper ore. Swansea stock skyrocketed from 75 cents a share to a reported high of \$22.50. George Mitchell and some of the investors put their profits into the building of the Arizona Swansea railroad, completed some months after the mill was in operating. Then unexpected difficulties developed. With the copper market low, it was found impossible to compete with other producers. This and other factors, involving the management in considerable criticism, made it necessary to shut down.

The ore at Swansea does not offer the variety and beauty of the material found on the dumps at the Clara Mae, as most of the surface minerals such as silicates

and carbonates of copper have long ago traveled their course through mill and smelter and found their places in useful copper objects. Most of the Swansea ore

is the sulphide type, mixed with specular iron. The latter has to be separated from the copper, and one of the tailings ponds below the mill is estimated to contain 70,000 tons of iron ore in this form. It is already mined and cleaned—but worthless until the day when electric smelting or some other miracle of science will convert it into useful metal.

The adobe station at Swansea slumbers in the silent Arizona sun, and the rusted tracks that once carried excitement and romance to its doors have been torn up and made into Japanese cannon. But the Swansea mines are not dead. Some mining men say the time is not far distant when modern trucks will pull up the grade out of Swansea with copper concentrates, and the mines will again pour forth riches. The desert is kind to those who come with understanding and faith and courage in their hearts.

In the meantime it is an interesting place to visit, and the dumps at the Clara Mae, through the generosity of its owners, are available as a source of some of the most interesting copper specimens I have ever found.

Sez

Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley . . .

By LON GARRISON



"Me an' Pigsaw Bill," announced Hard Rock Shorty, "has a invention we're figgerin' on turnin' over to the Army."

He paused to let the full impact hit his listeners while he cocked his hat importantly over one eye and propped his feet on the porch rail.

"Yes sir—we really has some-thing, an' there ain't nothin' else like it in the world. It's a gun that shoots around corners. We worked it out ourselves one time when we was out coyote huntin'."

"Yuh know, Bill has a shack down around Sugar Loaf Rock, an' one time we was out there when we seen a coyote come runnin' by. Bill an' I shot but by the time we got aimed, the varmint was on around the corner o' the rock. Next day at the same place we seen the same coyote an' the same thing happened. So we started watchin' for 'im. Ever' day we'd see this coyote, an' ever' day he'd get around the corner afore we c'd shoot.

"So Bill an' me went back to his shack an' got to rummagin' around in 'is blacksmith shop. We heated up the barrel o' his gun—set 'er up in the vise an' bent 'er a little—not too much—just about the arc o' the rock. Then next day we went back lookin' for Mr. Coyote. Well sir—here he come—laughin' at us, an' just as Bill was ready to shoot he ducked on around the corner o' Sugar Loaf. But Bill let drive with that crooked rifle anyhow, an' in a couple minutes here come Mr. Coyote hipperin' right on around the rock. He was in high gear with the boilers full o' steam, an' the bullet was right after 'im. It was a little behind but goin' strong. Mr. Coyote humped right on around the rock an' next time he come around the bullet was gainin' a bit. Third time around he was mighty tuckered an' the bullet got 'im easy.

"Yup — we guess it might be some use to the government — stand in front of a fort an' shoot in the back door."

Perry McNeeley at work on one of the canvases that have brought him recognition as an outstanding painter of the desert landscape.



Many of the exhibits in Los Angeles museum at Exposition park are made doubly interesting and informative by the beautiful dioramas which accompany them. The man who creates these art sketches is Perry McNeeley. His skill in museum painting is widely recognized, but not everyone knows that he is also a desert landscape artist of outstanding ability. Here is a brief story of the man and his work.

Artist Who Uses Bigger Brushes

By JOHN W. HILTON

IT was a warm spring afternoon on the Coachella desert of California and the long purple shadows were creeping slowly across the valley floor. Three easels were set up on a sand dune and three brushes were being wielded frantically in an effort to catch the rapidly changing colors of the desert hills.

"How can you finish such a large sketch in the open at one sitting?" I asked Perry McNeeley. "Oh that's easy," answered he without looking up from his work. "I just use bigger brushes and make the same number of strokes you fellows do."

Leo Cotton and I were working on small canvases and hoping to get them done before the light changed too much. Perry McNeeley, unflustered, was completing a sketch that was as large as our finished studio pictures would be. It was in 1932, and I was just learning to paint. Perry was one of the first artists I had seen at work. It was a great experience to watch the swift sure strokes of his brush as he made the hills in his sketch come to life.

We renewed our acquaintance recently at the Los Angeles museum where we both had paintings on display in the Sanity In Art show. He invited me to his home and we spent the afternoon in his studio. We looked at the countless sketches he has stored away and talked of the great broad desert lands that we both love.

He still had the sketch I saw him make that afternoon in 1932. He seldom sells or disposes of his field paintings, keeping them for reference in making large studio canvases. I suspect also, that they have a sentimental value for him—they recall the many pleasant treks he has made into the desert region.

His group of field sketches is a gallery that discloses the

tremendous progress he has made over a period of years, both in the mechanics of his art and in his study and understanding of the desert where a great part of his work has been done.

Perry McNeeley was born in Lebo, Kansas in 1886. He received his early schooling in St. Louis. His early art training came mainly from his elder brother, Elmer Elsworth McNeeley, who, under the name of Elmer Elsworth achieved high standing as a painter of animals and birds.

Commercial art seemed to offer the best opportunity for a livelihood, and it was this work that brought him to Los Angeles in 1920 where he took a position with Los Angeles museum.

A sketching trip to the desert on a museum assignment provided his introduction to the land of dune and cacti. He returned to the desert at every opportunity for sketches that later in his studio became landscapes recognized for their merit by artists and critics throughout the West.

He is still identified with the museum as superintendent of installation at Exposition park in Los Angeles. His free time, however, is spent in some part of the desert region. When time is available he goes into the Indian country of northern Arizona. Weekend trips are made to Coachella valley and the Lone Pine area. He finds subjects everywhere. His problem, he explains, is not what to paint, but what to eliminate.

His work has brought him recognition in many directions—but his dioramas are among the outstanding examples of museum art in the United States. His painting, "Sculptured Cliffs, Acoma, New Mexico," was one of the most striking canvases in the Sanity In Art show this year, and was awarded second prize.

McNeeley likes his museum work. He has trained himself to understand every branch of natural history collecting. He prepares and installs all types of specimens and has developed some original techniques which have become standard practice among museum men.

But he also has a great desire to live closer to the land of space and freedom. The desert has a fascination for him that makes even the four walls of his cherished museum seem confining at times.

Since he cannot spend as much time on the desert as he would like—he uses bigger brushes and thus is able to take more of it back to the studio with him.

MEXICAN HAT

Winner of the November Landmark contest conducted by the Desert Magazine is G. B. Miller of Gila Bend, Arizona. Mr. Miller was in the Mexican Hat area as an oil prospector 30 years ago, and has given a very interesting story of the naming of the Hat. His prize winning entry is published on this page.



By G. B. MILLER

IN the southeastern corner of Utah on the north bank of the San Juan river, 27 miles southwest of Bluff, stands this freak rock formation, known as Mexican Hat.

The entire butte is of soft sandstone and shale formation, carved by erosion. It is perhaps 200 feet high, about 60 to 65 feet in diameter, nicely balanced on a pedestal scarcely 12 feet in thickness at the narrowest point.

For many years this landmark was known as Sombrero rock. It is located in a basin, almost entirely surrounded by cliffs.

About 35 years ago considerable prospecting was done for oil in this vicinity. Dell Rapley, a Utah and Colorado mining man, located several claims and built a sandstone house almost in the shadow of this butte. Other oil prospectors had tent camps nearby.

One evening some of the tent occupants, including Butch Gilchrist, Miller and Simpson, Harry Ranney and others, were lounging in front of one of the tent houses. Ranney and Miller had their 30-30 rifles, intending to do some target practice. Doc Simpson suggested they

shoot at the pedestal supporting the Sombrero and cut it down.

After they had fired a few shots, Mrs. Rapley came to her door, saw what they

were shooting at, and that each shot was finding its mark and cutting off a chip of the slender pedestal. She returned to her house, picked up Dell's shotgun and came over to the tent. "If you fellows shoot my Mexican hat down, I'll shoot you," she declared.

She looked as if she really meant it, and the firing ceased. The story went the rounds among the prospectors, and the name "Mexican Hat" clung to the rock.

A few months later Hyde and Adams who conducted the trading post at the camp, petitioned for a U.S. postoffice with the name of Mexican Hat. The request was granted.

Oil was found here but not in paying quantities, and after about two years the camp dwindled and the postoffice was abolished. The name still remains and now applies to the trading post and lodge operated by Norman Nevills and his mother about a mile from the Hat.

This is one of the most remote areas in the United States. Nearest railroad point is Thompson, Utah, on the Denver & Rio Grande 156 miles to the north. On the south the Santa Fe railroad is 193 miles away at Flagstaff. The nearest paved highways are No. 160 at Monticello, Utah, 67 miles northeast and No. 89 at Cameron, Arizona, 121 miles southwest.

Enclosed is a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Rapley and their stone house, showing a corner of the butte in the background—taken about the time Mrs. Rapley named this landmark with her shotgun. I have not been in that section for about 30 years but I understand there is now a suspension bridge across the San Juan river just below Mexican Hat, at Goodrich.



Mr. and Mrs. Dell Rapley and their rock house, taken about the time of the shotgun episode related in the accompanying story.

In the remote desert home of Tanya and Marshal South, Christmas is no less a festive occasion than in Beverly Hills or Park avenue. Some of the artificial tinsel is lacking perhaps—but sparkling foils and colorful streamers do not make Christmas. The desert landscape provides adequate decorative material—of things that are genuine. In this story, the last of the Yaquitepec diaries which started in the Desert Magazine last January, Marshal gives a glimpse of the true meaning of Christmas—as it is understood on Ghost mountain.

DESERT DIARY

By MARSHAL SOUTH

December at Yaquitepec

DECEMBER! and another desert year winging to its close. All too swift they flit, these desert years of solitude and silence and peace. One could wish that they were twice as long. The span of them is not great enough to accommodate all the joy and eagerness of life. Happy years—close packed with a simple happiness that is free to all for the taking. Yet a mad world sets its hands only to robbery and slaughter.

Far down in the dim lowlands the sun rose this morning from a spreading pool of molten gold. It was as though the thin line of a vast flood of melted metal lay upon the far horizon. On the blue line of the distant desert it spread to north and south, glinting and flashing, a torrent levelling from some overturned crucible. And in the very midst of the wide thin spreading flood the sun rose, an upwelling bubble of dazzling fire. The desert foreground lay dusky velvet before its blinding rays, and in the shadowy robes that wrap the dim mountain bulk which we call the Sleeping Squaw, darting sunbeams woke a strange illusion of movement as though the Sleeper stirred in her aeon-long slumber and opened her eyes to the miracle of dawn.

Today I took the sand screen down to a point beyond the tiny rock hollow which we call Lake Yaquitepec and began to sift sand for the final coating of a new cistern. Rider and Rudyard came too, and while I worked, shovelling the rough sandy earth from the little watercourse and throwing it upon the inclined screen, they fished in the tiny rock pool. It was still brimming from a recent shower and into its mirror surface they toss handfuls of the short-broken lengths of golden yellow bunch grass stems. These were the "fish" and they are "caught" upon the ends of slender sticks of juniper, to which they adhere. A serious and intent business. But punctuated with much merry laughter. Good music by which to work.

A desert solitude? What are wealth and possessions? What can they buy to compare with such priceless things of simple happiness?

Today's coat of cement plaster marks the finishing touch to this last cistern. Mostly trowel and brush work, for the uneven portions have to be trowel-smoothed—and much of the cement is laid on with a brush. It gives a better surface and it is easier to reach the hollows in our rough rock construction.

In our early days at Yaquitepec—when we had no trowel, or money with which to purchase one—our cement work was done with a tool fashioned from an old automobile license plate. And we did a lot of good work with it too. Good tools make for good and easy work. But there are many times when one need not neglect work just for the lack of them.

Fires roar merrily in the big stove these nights for there is a crisp snap creeping into the air. And it is a crispness that



This is Victoria—newest member of the South family at Yaquitepec. Others are the mother, Tanya South, Rider and Rudyard.

is enjoyable. After all, Winter when it comes brings its own special gifts. And not the least of those gifts are fireglow and story-telling. There is a new iron top to the stove this year as well as a new and much appreciated damper that works with a lever. The old one was a tin slide, of sour disposition—at times, a sore trial to cheerful temper. But it served long and faithfully and we forgive it its faults in remembering its virtues. There is a new adobe arch too, that closes in the north end of the kitchen. It will be warmer and cosier here this year—even though Santa Claus will maybe have to pause a moment and figure out the changed arrangement before he comes stealing in with his pack. "You ought to put up a sign to make it easy for him," is Rider's practical suggestion. But Rudyard, guided less by logic than by anxiety, is chiefly concerned about the time-honored chimney route. "Daddy, I t'ink you ought to wemove that new damper! I t'ink Sanda Klaws catch his neck on it an' choke to deaff! Yes, I t'ink so!"

There is fuel to collect against the possibility of savage snowstorms, there are Christmas trees to select and cut and carry home—diminutive, cheerful little trees that are in reality big, berry-laden branches of mountain juniper. There are sandals to repair and wreaths to make—evergreen wreaths to trim the windows with. And there is an extra supply of flour to be ground and tall candles to make so that Christmas eve may be ushered in with no stint of cookies and candlelight.

And to top it all there is Victoria! Victoria grows and grows. Her eyes are blue. The little desert mice squeak and scurry in the night hush—and she listens to them wide-eyed and speculative. For this is her desert too, and her land to which she has come. The boys perch about her bed and watch her with worshipful eyes. "An' we'll hang a stocking up for little sister too, won't we, Daddy," Rider says proudly. "Yes, old-timer, we sure will," I tell him. And Tanya smiles. Two little sons and a daughter! The Great Spirit has indeed shed his blessings upon Yaquitepec.

It is night now and the house is hushed, save for the soft rustlings of the friendly mice. There are dying coals glowing in the fireplace, and beyond the shaded glow of the lamp the shadows are soft upon three little heads, sleep-wrapped, upon their pillows. On the other side of the table, where the yellow lamplight falls in a pool, Tanya sits sewing. As she pauses a moment to thread a needle she looks up. "Listen to the wind whispering up the mountain," she says. "Do you remember . . ."

Yes, we remember. And for a space, while the old, old wind whimpers about the outer walls and talks to itself through the junipers we go back into memories. Memories

of dear, happy days that have fled. There is much to remember. And more to be humbly thankful for. Above the desert the stars gleam. The footsteps of the Great Spirit are in the rustlings of the wind and the promise of His infinite mercy is written in the glow of circling worlds and in the testimony of the granite rocks. Peace! Faith! Assurance! These are the messages of the silence and the solitude.

And so we come to the ending of the year and to the ending of the year's Diary of Yaquitepec. It has been a year of friends and of good wishes. And if, to the ending of the chronicle, we were to attach any special thought or message it would be the message of Faith. In a world that is grim and shadowed by the blackness of war and of greed and of brutality let the lamp of Faith be kept burning brightly. Faith in things that are good; Faith in those simple, fundamental things that have been so much neglected. There are not many things in life that really matter. And he who would seek peace and contentment of body and spirit must seek it among the simple, fundamental, "old-fashioned," things which the blind, roaring rush of a greed-crazed age has so largely thrust aside.

Wealth, possessions and mechanical gadgets do not make the man—nor the nation. These are just the gilded bubbles flying in the wind, the chasing of which leads too often into the morass of destruction. Neither is greatness to be measured by weapons of war and conquest nor by marvels of science. These things go down into the dust and are the sport of the winds in all the deserts of the earth. For there have been "others"—others in the past who have built upon these same perilous foundations. Assyria and Egypt and Rome . . . and, further in the shadows, Atlantis and the ghost-memory Mu. Nor were these the first. Nor will they be the last.

"For heathen faith that puts its trust,
In speaking tube and iron shard.
All valiant dust that builds on dust
And guarding calls not Thee to guard . . ."



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These be the breed of the World Conquerors—and of them so grimly wrote Kipling. These are they who build on Steel—and Progress. Things that crumble into rust and perish in their own madness.

But there are other things that do not change; things that endure and spring in eternal rebirth to uphold every age and every race, be it "Savage" or "Civilized." Simple, these things—and fundamental. A simple faith in the all-guiding beneficence of The Great Spirit is the chiefest of them. And next to that a simple life lived in close contact with the earth. From these things alone spring nearly all of the worthwhile joys of life; peace, contentment, and the glad laughter of little children. For him who sets up for himself other ideals these words are not written.

And so, in farewell from the Diary of Yaquitepec, we would say to those who are weary of turmoil and of sham: Return to the earth. Return to planting and reaping and the raising by personal effort of those things for which life calls. Return to the peace of the soil, which is not to be found in cities. And return to Faith. It matters not what the label of the Faith, so long as it is sincere Faith. For Faith is the chiefest of the fundamental things. And it is the chief thing that our Age lacks. For a long time our "clever" people have enjoyed themselves poking fun at the "God myth" . . . And they have made their doctrines a sorry mess of our times.

So hold fast to Faith—to an implicit faith in the mighty shadowy Power that not only tints the wing of the butterfly but also steers the hurtling suns upon their pathways. For him who holds thus fast to Faith there are no doubts nor terrors.

And in this thought, from a mountain in the desert, we bid you farewell: May the peace of the Great Spirit be with you always:

MARSHAL, TANYA, RIDER, RUDYARD and VICTORIA

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Mojave

BY HELEN YOUNG
Delavan Lake, Wisconsin

You Desert, you are a wilderness
A strange, forgotten land,
Where time, unremembered, is brooding
In a lonely waste of sand.

The perfumed sage, and blue lupine,
The Joshua trees and me
Belong to you, barren Desert,
As grey gulls belong to the sea.

You Desert, wrap me in shadows,
When the day is done,
And hold me close through the purple night . . .
At dawn give me back to the sun.

• • •

JOSHUA TREE

BY JOHN TWEEDDALE
Torrance, California

In a green oasis I pitched my tent.
For the light of day was nearly spent
And the golden glow of the Sun's farewell
Had camouflaged each hill and dell.

Then I looked far out on the desert sands,
Where a Joshua, grim and silent stands,
And saw in fancy its gnarled arms,
Raised high above the waving palms,

Raised high, in mute and humble prayer
To Him who knows our every care,
Then soft winds blew from the fountain head.
And the Joshua slept in its lowly bed.

For even the prayer of a Joshua tree
Is heard at the throne that will ever be,
Soon silvery stardust filled the night
And phantom dreamships took their flight.

From earthly fields to the realms of day
To set them down on the milky way.
Where angels watch o'er desert and glen
As they sing the chords of the Great A'men.

• • •

THE DESERT

BY LAURA BULMER
Reno, Nevada

The desert seems a friend to me,
I love its far grey solitudes,
And rest and peace are waiting there
For one who loves its changing moods.

Here is a width of earth and sky,
A place to stretch one's soul and grow
To touch the earth and reach the stars
And breathe the sweet strong winds that blow.

The desert has so much to teach,
"Be patient" its far valleys say,
Beneath the Father's shaping hand
A thousand years are but a day.

• • •

LONGING

BY ELSIE FRENCH-WOLCOTT
Sioux City, Iowa

I am lonely for the desert,
For the cacti and the sand.
I should like to hold an ugly
Blinking horned toad in my hand.

I long to see the moon rise,
Like a hanging, golden plate
Over mountains, black and silent,
Where the slinking bob-cats wait.

Desert lands have charm and beauty
Never found in fat, plowed loam.
Sand may blow—but yucca's blooming
Arizona calls me home.



TO A MUDSWALLOW AT PARKER DAM

BY CHARLES F. THOMAS, JR.
Parker Dam, California

Whence thy engineering skill
Winged artisan in clay?
Does your task no fear instill
As you toil throughout the day?

Humans with designing art
Calculate each stress and strain.
Such strange planning has no part
In the style you must attain.

Anchored beam nor strut nor brace
Binds your cottage to the wall.
Could you find no safer place
For your stuccoed home so small?

Fence nor railing 'round you weave,
River wild your own front yard.
When the nest your fledglings leave
No green branches are their guard.

Do you have a bungalow
Built thus in warmer clime,
Where you wing when chill winds blow
To await the glad springtime?

CREED OF THE DESERT

BY JUNE LE MERT PAXTON
Yucca Valley, California

Now o'er this heap of malapai
The centuries have rolled;
But some day man may learn to read
The tale the ages scrolled.

THE LURE

BY MILDRED HOLLINGSWORTH
Chico, California

The west has cast her spell on me,
She wields a magic art,
The west winds croon a melody,
While slyly they steal my heart.
I gaily travel her sandy path,
I dance on her desert sea,
And laugh at her thunder and stormy wrath,
For I know she is fooling me.
She has snared me well with her magic spell,
Adrift in a far off place,
But I laugh and dance on for herein dwells
The secret, just one dear face.

DESERT NOCTURNE

BY LYNN HAMILTON
Banning, California

No music soothes my tired and restless heart
As does the silence of a desert night.
The lyric silence heard when night winds start
To whisper through wild sage of fragrant
white;

The rhythmic silence heard when stars swing
low

Like dancing fireflies in the quiet gloom . . .
But only we who love the desert know
Its peaceful silence is God's music room;
For only we can hear great concords roll
And echo through deep space from star to
star—

Clear wind-swept cadences heard by the soul—
Nocturnes from Beyond—where the Maestros
are . . .

Oh, when the desert silence plays for me,
My listening heart hears God's own symphony.

Those who follow the ancient Indian trails in the desert Southwest occasionally come upon strange mounds of rocks—quite evidently placed there by the hands of some prehistoric race of men. Generally these mounds appear in series, spaced a few yards apart on alternate sides of the trail. The archaeologists admit frankly they do not know the origin of these trail shrines—but they have gained a little information which is summarized briefly in the accompanying story by Arthur Woodward.



Good Luck Shrines of the Desert

By ARTHUR WOODWARD
Sketch by Norton Allen

OUR Navajo guide, Dogeye Begay, hummed a travel song through his teeth as he rode ahead of us on the trail to Lost Mesa in northern Arizona. Then, as we approached a summit, he suddenly swung from his horse, plucked a fresh twig from a juniper tree and walked aside from the trail.

There stood a small heap of loosely piled stones. The Navajo stuck the green spray among the rocks, and then remounted and rode on, singing as he rode.

As we passed the strange rock pile I noted there were many sprigs of dried juniper in the crevices. Later I learned that this is only one of many trail-side shrines in the Navajo country. White men call them "good luck shrines." In a sense they are just that.

Not all of these good luck stone piles are in the Navajo country. The Hopi Indians have them also. On a ridge along the old trail leading from the valley to the Hopi village of Hano are four heaps of small boulders, intermingled with small sticks and fragments of wood. These are shrines dedicated to Masauu, one of the Hopi deities. Here, in the old days, the wood gatherers, collecting fuel for the New Fire ceremony, paused to place offerings of sticks and stones in the belief that Masauu would lighten their burdens.

On the Colorado desert in California during October-November 1932, Malcolm J. Rogers of the San Diego museum found 19 separate piles of stones along an old trail leading from California

to Arizona. It is believed by Rogers that this was one of the main routes along which flowed the aboriginal trade from the coast to the interior. Among the stones were found broken bits of pottery and shell, left as offerings of thanksgiving by the dark skinned traders as they traveled the narrow desert highway.

Further south, in the Sierra de las Tinajas of Lower California, Rogers found a series of these boulder piles covering several square miles of broken mesa land. There was no order to the alignment of these heaps but Rogers believed they bear some relation to the gigantic gravel figures found on the banks of the Colorado river north of Blythe.

I came upon a series of 15 of these mounds on the Lower California desert not far south of the border. They appeared at irregular intervals along an ancient trail which skirted the eastern base of the peninsular range. I went to this region with American botanists seeking the northernmost habitat of the Blue palm, *Erythea armata*—and we came upon the old Indian path unexpectedly. It was strewn with broken pottery.

In accordance with the tradition of the desert Indians, each member of the party solemnly deposited a rock on one of the piles. It was our prayer for water—which we were needing very badly just then. The gods were kind to us. A mile further along the trail we came upon a beautiful oasis of Washington and Blue palms—with a tiny stream of clear cool water singing under the granite boulders.

Nor are these rocky shrines unknown in other parts of Mexico. Among the shy Huichol Indians in the mountainous region of north central Mexico, heaps of small stones stand beside the trails and in the villages. Many of these have been heaped together by the priests and contain stones of different types. One, near the village of San Andres consists of small nodules of milky white chalcedony. The Huichols believe that all of the stones in this pile are related and constitute one big family. If properly propitiated these stones will attract rain clouds to the vicinity.

Frederick Lumholtz who first reported these shrines, stated that some of the heaps were supposed to protect the fields, springs, domestic animals and household goods. One such heap of small smooth stones was dedicated to poultry and was believed to cause the hens to lay more eggs. Here, as in other places, offerings more valuable than twigs or sticks were placed upon the pile. Pottery images of animals, broken vessels and other objects were left by the worshippers.

In southern Arizona, the Pima consider a certain heap of stones surrounding one huge boulder, neatly ringed with stones laid in a circle, a very potent shrine to this day. It stands in the saddle of the Twin buttes, on the north bank of the Gila, about 10 miles south of Chandler.

This Pima shrine has been used since time immemorial. It may have been a sacred spot when the Hohokam, probable ancestors of the Pima, occupied the large



This trail shrine is one of a series found along the old Indian trail which follows Palm canyon in Southern California. It is seven miles south of Palm Springs.

village that once stood at the eastern base of the buttes.

In 1931 I visited that shrine and saw offerings of modern glass beads, buttons and empty brass cartridge cases mingled with small shell beads and a few broken arrowheads on top of the central boulder. This strange commingling of the old and the new indicated that the present day Pima have not forgotten their ancestral place of worship.

On the summit of Mt. Baldy in the Apache reservation of Arizona, is a rock shrine high above timber line. This place was visited in ancient days by the Pueblo Indians whose abandoned homes may be seen among the pine shrouded hills south and west of the mountain.

In almost every instance where we have any definite knowledge of these curious trailside shrines, the traveler is supposed to deposit an offering and breathe a prayer for good fortune in his venture. Apparently the gods of the trail are well satisfied with small stones or green twigs, or even dried sticks. Only in certain instances do they demand more precious things such as turquoise and shell beads, broken pottery or feathered prayer sticks.

How or when the custom of casting stones into a single heap to bring luck to the wayfarer began, we do not know. It seems to be fairly widespread in the southwest.

Among our own white tribesmen we

have a modern counterpart for the ancient trail shrine. It is the wishing well seen frequently in Southern California, and in other parts of the country. The wishing well has been robbed by some of its traditional charm, however, by the Yankee trait of converting it into a source of income.

There is evidence that vandals have excavated some of the old trail shrines found in the desert region, presumably in quest of buried Indian relics. The excavators might have saved themselves the trouble, however, as the Indians never marked their burial places with a monument as conspicuous as this.

However, when as a desert wayfarer you pause to cast a stone upon a desert shrine, in common with the ghost of the aboriginal traveler who glides unseen beside you, say in your heart:

"With Beauty before me, I walk,
With Beauty behind me, I walk,
Grant me success in my venture,
In Beauty I walk."

Think thus, and believe it or not you shall have luck. Ask the Indian. He knows!

EVYLENA NUNN MILLER

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**THE
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Waterfall in Palm Canyon

Thousands of visitors come every month during the winter season to enjoy the scenic beauty of Palm canyon near Palm Springs. But not many of them realize that in the lower canyon at Hermit's Bench they see only a small portion of the native Washingtonias which follow the crystal stream between rugged canyon walls for many miles—and that seven miles from the Bench is a well-concealed waterfall, one of the most picturesque falls in the entire Colorado desert of Southern California. It is a strenuous hike up the canyon—but an excellent trail makes it a delightful day's outing on horseback.

One of the many palm groups in upper Palm canyon. The green fronds against a background of white caliche make this a colorful picture. The author slept on a little sandbar among these trees on one of the trips described in the accompanying story.

Sunset silhouette of native palms in Palm canyon.

By RANDALL HENDERSON

MY first glimpse of the 60-foot waterfall in upper Palm canyon was late in an autumn afternoon three years ago.

Dr. Maris Harvey and Don Admiral were my companions on that trip. We started from Ribbonwood on the Palms-to-Pines highway early in the morning to hike 14 miles down the length of the canyon to Hermit's Bench where we hoped to get a ride the rest of the way into Palm Springs.

Wilson Howell, who lives at Ribbonwood and is a crusading guardian of every flower and shrub and animal that lives on the northern slopes of the Santa Rosa mountains, went with us down the trail a mile or so. His only regret was that he could not accompany us all the way down the canyon.

Maris and Don are botanists. I learned long ago the folly of trying to make fast time on a hiking trip with a couple of botany fellows. So we just ambled along over the rocks. Don knows most of the desert plants by name, and Dr. Harvey knows the rest of them. They carried on in a strange jargon of seven-syllable Latin while I shot pictures of queer rock formations and golden-leaved cottonwood trees. This was October, and the coloring was gorgeous.

We gave little heed to the trail, preferring to scramble over the rocks that followed the watercourse. It was mid-afternoon and we were about halfway down the length of the canyon when the walls suddenly closed in and the going became so





This waterfall in upper Palm canyon is 60 feet high, with a secondary fall of 15 feet above. The tree in the foreground is cottonwood.

precipitous it was necessary to backtrack and climb out.

Don and Maris pulled themselves up over the rocks of the east wall—the route that would take them to the old Vandeventer trail which parallels the canyon on that side. I discovered an easy way up the west wall. I wanted to find the uppermost point at which palms grew in this canyon, and it appeared that I could observe the floor of the gorge better by continuing down the west side.

As I followed along the edge of the cliff I became conscious of an emphatic roar of water below. We had been listening to the music of the stream tumbling over small boulders all day—but this was different. I climbed out close to the rim—and there below me in the darkening shadows was a vertical drop in the floor of the canyon—a waterfall that might be 50 or 60 or 100 feet high. It was too dark and the footing at that point was too precarious to make a careful estimate. But anyway it was a waterfall higher and more picturesque than any I had known existed in the whole Colorado desert.

It was too late for pictures. I hiked on down along the top of the cliff to a point where the canyon

widened out again and then crossed over and joined my companions on the Vandeventer trail.

I asked Don and Maris if they had ever seen the waterfall. But they had been too far away from the canyon at that point—and had never heard of such a waterfall in Palm canyon.

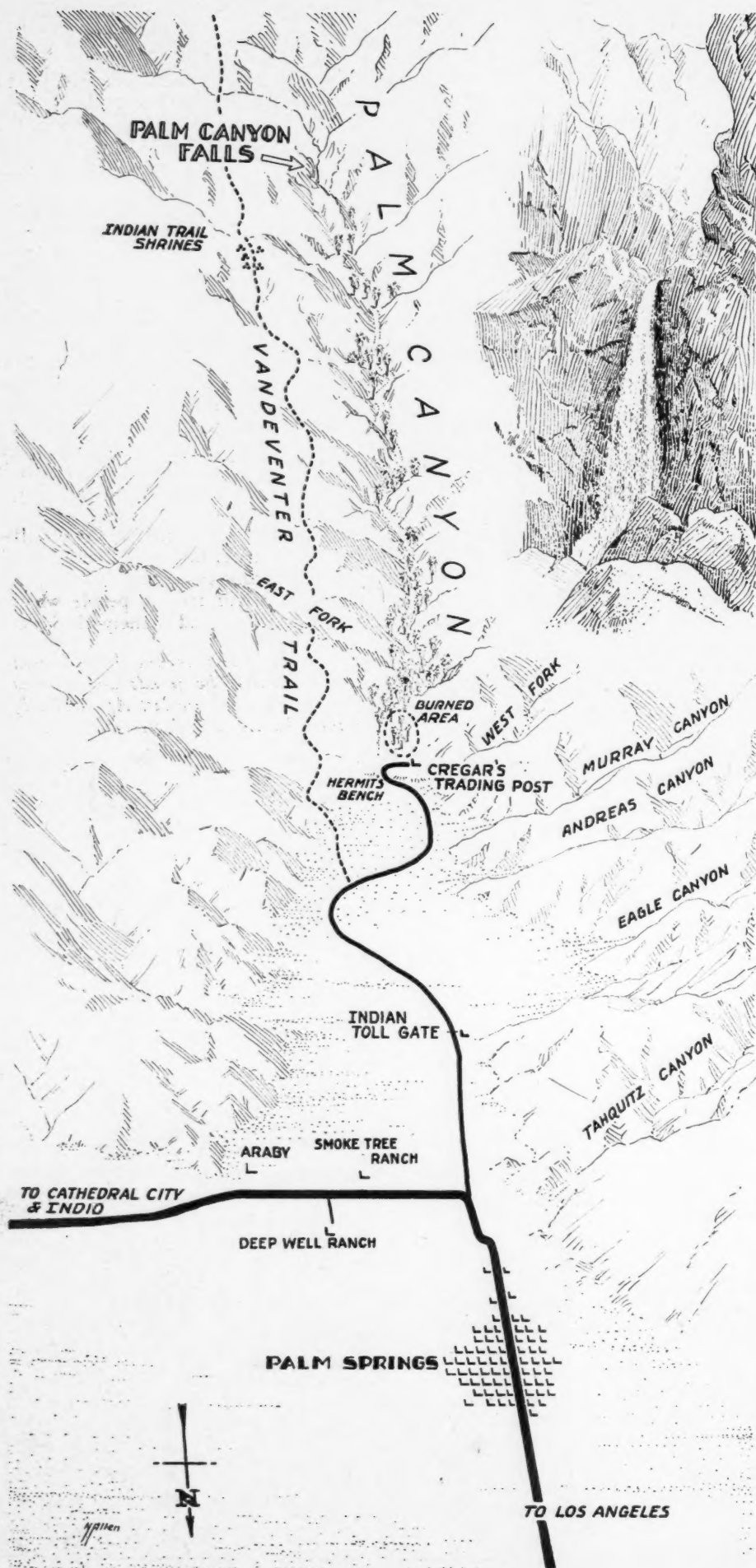
It was long after dark when we reached Hermit's Bench. The Indians had closed the gate through which motorists drive across the reservation to lower Palm canyon, and there were no cars to be found—so we added five more weary miles to our trek and arrived at Smoke Tree ranch near Palm Springs some time after nine o'clock that night.

On subsequent trips to Palm Springs I visited the photograph shops in search for a picture of those falls. There were none, and no one, even among the old-timers, had ever heard of them. One of my long-time friends, who has lived most of his life at the springs, hooted at the idea. "There are no falls in in Palm canyon," he declared. "You are thinking of Tahquitz of Falls creek."

I did not argue with him. I had seen the falls—but I couldn't prove it. As time passed and I made further inquiries, it became evident that Palm Springs—annual mecca of a half million people who go there for desert sunshine and scenery—had never

Picture shows the palms in the burned area near Hermit's Bench. The fronds are all new growth, put on since the fire last April. Nearly all of them have heavy clusters of fruit.





heard of one of its rarest scenic attractions, located within a dozen miles of the heart of the village.

I wanted a photograph of the falls—partly for my own photographic collections, but also to convince the skeptics that such a scenic spot really existed in Palm canyon.

Late on a Saturday afternoon in March, 1939, I parked my car on Hermit's Bench, left word with the Cregar's at their little canyon trading post on the Bench not to be alarmed if no one returned for the car that night, and took the trail that wound through the magnificent palm forest of the lower canyon.

Scores of visitors were strolling along the many footpaths, taking pictures and exclaiming at the scenic beauty of this canyon. They come from all over the world to see Palm canyon. They were in slacks and shorts and the many other varieties of outing togs—a typical Palm Springs crowd.

An elderly couple stopped me—frankly curious to know what a lone hiker would be doing in such a place with a pack on his back. When I explained that I was carrying a blanket and planned to sleep in the upper canyon that night the woman immediately expressed a motherly concern for my welfare.

"But aren't you afraid?" she asked.

"Afraid of what?" I countered.

"Aren't there wild animals and snakes up there?"

It was a typical tenderfoot question, but she asked it in all sincerity. And so I sat on a rock for a few minutes and explained to her about the desert—the great friendly desert that never harms anyone who plays the game according to Nature's rules.

"You probably come from one of the large cities," I said as I finished my impromptu lecture, "where hundreds of people are killed every year in motor accidents, and where the health of thousands is impaired by nerve-wracking noise and air that is poisoned by the fumes from motor exhausts.

"Afraid in Palm canyon? Why that's just about the safest place on earth!"

I left them seated on the rocks. Maybe they thought I was crazy, possibly they envied me. It doesn't matter. The habits of civilization get a tragic grip on a majority of those who spend their lives in the cities. But it does no good to argue with them about it.

I followed the canyon to where it sweeps sharply to the right and then continued in East fork or Luken's canyon which is straight ahead. The palms were so dense in places I had to go out into the stream and jump from rock to rock. The old Vandeventer trail which comes over the hills from below Hermit's Bench, crosses this tributary in a grove



Ash McDonald (left) and John Doyle. Picture was taken in the lower canyon just above the burned area during a horseback trip to the Palm canyon waterfall in October.



John Doyle examines the heavy clusters of fruit on one of the Washingtonia palms. The black berries are about the size of wild grapes and have a sweet edible hull over a hard seed.

of palms so thick the trail is hardly visible.

From this point I followed the old trail, skirting the hills high above the canyon. It was growing late and I wanted to go as far as possible that evening.

Above the ridge of Tahquitz mountain on the west a phalanx of clouds from the Pacific was trying to invade the desert—and having no success. Bank after bank of stormy looking vapor rolled over the summit, and was met by a dry blast from the desert, and vanished. An extra heavy cloud would advance far out past the top of the ridge—then the desert currents would take the offensive and drive the fog back until scarcely a cloud appeared on the horizon. This battle of the elements continued until the sun went down—and the desert always won.

At dusk I left the trail and climbed down into the canyon to the stream. That night I slept in my blanket on a little sandbar formed by an eddy at the foot of a giant Washingtonia. The packsack,

stuffed with grass, made a comfortable pillow.

I wanted to get an early morning picture of the falls if possible and was up and on my way when the first glow of light appeared in the east. I ate a pocketful of dates as I hiked along the creek.

My night camp was four miles from Hermit's Bench, and it was another three-mile hike before I reached the waterfall in the morning. In late summer when the stream flow is at its lowest ebb I judge there is only a tiny ribbon of water coming over the falls. But this was March and a big stream tumbled down the precipice with a roar that could be heard a half mile downstream.

This waterfall, as it appears today, is of comparatively recent formation—that is, in terms of geologic time. Ordinarily, the power of that water would have gouged a great cavity at the base and the stream would have poured into a churning pool. But there was no pool here. Great blocks of rock have fallen from above and are piled up at the foot of the

precipice. The plunging stream hits these boulders and is broken into a spray that at times almost obscures the falls.

The height of the main drop is at least 60 feet, and there is a secondary fall of 15 feet just above.

A hundred yards below the waterfall are some cottonwood trees and one of these provided a perfect frame for camera pictures.

It is almost impossible to see these waterfalls from the top of the east canyon wall. And since the trail is on that side it is easy to understand why the place is so little known. The best view of course is from below. Access to the floor of the canyon here is not easy, however. To avoid undue hazard in scaling the sidewalls, it is necessary to climb down into the gorge a half mile downstream and then hike up along the creek.

These falls are above the palm zone, the nearest Washingtonias being 1½ miles down the canyon.

I climbed among the boulders, taking various camera shots of the waterfall

until noon, then headed downstream for an easy exit to the Vandeventer trail. Soon after intercepting the trail I discovered a landmark that serves well to mark the location of the waterfall. Where the path climbs over a low summit I came upon a series of Indian shrines—piles of pebbles and small rocks spaced along on both sides of the trail at irregular intervals. They are well preserved and quite conspicuous. My picture of one of these shrines is printed in this number of Desert Magazine in connection with Arthur Woodward's story of their origin and significance.

My most recent trip to Palm canyon and the waterfall was in October this year. George Roberson of the Desert Inn provided horses for this trip. George could not go along himself, but he sent in his place a top-notch wrangler in the person of Ash McDonald, who operates the Inn stables. The third member of our party was John Doyle of the Inn staff.

This was my first visit to Palm canyon since the fire that swept through the trees last April. A newly burned palm oasis is a ghastly picture and I was prepared for a canyon that had been robbed of much of its natural beauty.

I was agreeably surprised to find that the fire had been much less serious than

reported. Only a small area at the lower end of the canyon had been burned—less than 10 percent of the total trees in the canyon. The shaggy skirts were gone, the trunks were charred—but almost without exception the trees have grown new crowns of healthy green fronds and look as if they would live another hundred years. I have never seen such an abundant fruit crop as the trees are bearing this season. By those mysterious processes which we humans can never understand, Nature has taken double precaution to insure the perpetuation of the Washingtonias in the burned area. The fruit stems sagged with the weight of great clusters of black berries.

In some respects the lower canyon will come out of the fire more inviting than before. Brush and debris which the Indian owners of this canyon had allowed to accumulate, was all burned away. Under the direction of the Indian service, the Cahuillas have cleared away the charred undergrowth and have planted grass in its place. A lovely park is in the making. Those who prefer their palms with the natural skirts of dead fronds still in place, need walk only three or four hundred yards up the canyon beyond the burned area to find a jungle that will fill their heart's desire.

We spent a long pleasant day in the

saddle, going over part of the same trail that the Palm Springs Vaqueros del Desierto—Riders of the Desert—were to take a week later. I missed my landmark and we lost two hours trying to find the waterfalls. My only alibi was that I am not accustomed to the luxury of a saddle horse on my exploring trips. Eventually I located the Indian trail shrines, and from there it was a simple matter to hike over the hill to the falls.

For those who become bored with the sophistication of Palm Springs I would recommend this trip. It is a long hike for adults not accustomed to walking. But I cannot imagine a more delightful day in the saddle than up along the Vandeventer trail to this distant scenic spot. The elevation at the waterfall is about 3,000 feet, and the route is rich in vegetation of the lower and upper Sonoran zones—bisanaga, cholla, buckhorn, beavertail and hedgehog cacti, yucca, agave, ocotillo, goatnut, ephedra and scores of others. Near the trail shrines are wild apricot trees, and on the upper levels juniper.

Lower Palm canyon is a delightful place—but there is a wild rugged beauty to the upper canyon that holds an extra reward for those who will take the old Indian trail and go beyond the haunts of the usual Palm canyon picnic crowds.

DESERT QUIZ by BRAWLEY

Over and over again we have been telling our friends that BRAWLEY was located in the very heart of a land full of romance and fascination, of wonder and of pleasure. For BRAWLEY and her scenic points are places to be visited again and again—to be explored—to be pleasantly remembered. Below are 13 of the many places of interest—especially to readers of The Desert Magazine. How many have YOU visited?

- ☐ Paint Pots
- ☐ Salt beds of Mullet Island
- ☐ Boiling mud pots
- ☐ Pumice and obsidian buttes
- ☐ Elephant trees
- ☐ Coyote canyon
- ☐ Desert petrified forest area
- ☐ Ancient beach line
- ☐ Nature's colossal oven
- ☐ Sand spike areas
- ☐ Chuckawalla geode fields
- ☐ Yuha fossil beds
- ☐ Dry Ice plants

If you score 10 or more write to the Secretary, Chamber of Commerce for a longer and odder list of scenic places; if your score is between 7 and 10 plan to visit us soon and see the places you have missed. If you score less than 7—drop everything and come to BRAWLEY. You don't know what you're missing!

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GOLDWATERS--Phoenix

Relic of an old mining venture! Who can identify this picture?



Prize Contest . . .

Somewhere in that vast region generally described as the Mojave desert of California, this crumbling brick structure marks the place where a non-metallic mineral once was processed for commercial purposes.

The plant was abandoned long ago. Less substantial buildings which once occupied this camp have long since disappeared, but the fortress-like tower shown in this photograph is still defying the forces of human and natural erosion.

There's a story back of this picture—a story that will be interesting to readers of the Desert Magazine. In order to obtain all available data as to the history and circumstances under which the old camp was established and then abandoned, a prize of \$5.00 will be paid for the best manuscript of not over 500 words, submitted to the Magazine office.

The article should give the exact location, accessibility by road, present status, and all possible historical information regarding both the camp and this particular structure.

Entries in the contest must reach the Desert Magazine office by January 20, and the winning story will be published in our March number. Non-winning manuscripts will be returned when postage is supplied.

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DESERT QUIZ

Here's another set of those quiz questions, just to see how much you really know about this desert Southwest. The list includes mineralogy, botany, history, geography, literature and the general lore of the arid region. You have to be a versatile student to get 10 of them right. Only the seasoned Desert Rats score as high as 15 correct answers, and if you exceed 15 you belong in that exclusive fraternity known as the Sand Dune Sages. The answers are on page 35.

- 1—Desert tortoise eggs are laid and hatched—
In the sun In a crevice in the rocks.....
In holes dug by lizards and rodents.....
Underneath the sand where they were laid and covered by the mother.....
- 2—Normally the period required to secure title to land under the government homestead law is
One year..... Three years..... Five years..... Seven years.....
- 3—Palo Verde valley of California is irrigated by water from the—
Mojave river..... Deep wells..... Colorado river.....
Mountain reservoirs.....
- 4—Father Garces was killed by the Indians at—
Needles..... Yuma..... Tubac..... Tucson.....
- 5—Frijoles canyon cliff dwellings are located in—
Bandelier national monument..... White Sands national monument.....
Hopi reservation..... Mesa Verde national park.....
- 6—Stove Pipe wells is a historic watering place in—
Southern Nevada..... Painted desert..... Death Valley.....
Escalante desert.....
- 7—The book, The Romance of the Colorado, was written by—
Powell..... Dellenbaugh..... Kolb..... Freeman.....
- 8—Loco weed, so troublesome to the stock men of the Southwest, belongs to the same plant family as—
Pea..... Sunflower..... Sage..... Wild morning glory.....
- 9—Jerky, an important food item of the desert pioneer is made by drying brine-soaked meat—
Over an open fire..... In the sun.....
In an oven..... In a smoke house.....
- 10—The major farm crop raised by prehistoric Indian dwellers in the desert Southwest was—
Beans..... Cotton..... Corn..... Tobacco.....
- 11—The major mineral product mined around Gallup, N. M. is—
Rock salt..... Fire clay..... Coal..... Copper.....
- 12—A former governor of the Territory of New Mexico was author of the book—
Quo Vadis.... The Wandering Jew.... Last Days of Pompeii.... Ben Hur....
- 13—To reach Roosevelt dam you would take the—
Coronado trail highway..... Sunkist trail.....
Apache trail..... Broadway of America.....
- 14—The U.S. army officer in charge of the first camel train across western United States was—
Lieut. Ives..... Lieut. Beale..... Capt. Cook..... Lieut. Emory.....
- 15—Flint and obsidian implements of the desert Indians were made generally by—
Applying pressure to the edge of the rough flint with the point of a deer antler..... Heating the flint and touching the edge with cold water..... Grinding the edge on a flat stone..... Using a crude stone tool as a chisel.....
- 16—Travelers on Highway 80 cross the continental divide at—
Duncan, Arizona..... Lordsburg, N. M.....
Deming, N.M..... Las Cruces, N.M.....
- 17—Among the Navajo a *chindee* is—
A medicine man..... Tool used in making sand paintings.....
A devil or evil spirit..... Certain type of headdress.....
- 18—San Xavier del Bac mission is located near—
Santa Fe..... El Paso..... Casa Grande..... Tucson.....
- 19—The tributary which Powell named the Dirty Devil river, now known as Fremont river, is in—
Utah..... Arizona..... Colorado..... Nevada.....
- 20—The predominating minerals in granite usually are—
Malachite and azurite..... Quartz and feldspar.....
Calcite and lepidolite..... Manganese and apatite.....

Desert Place Names

Magazine is indebted to the research work done by the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names;" to Betty Toulouse of New Mexico, Hugh F. O'Neil of Utah, Marie Lomas of Nevada, and Charles Battye of California.

ARIZONA

CONTENTION Cochise county
P. O. and milling town on San Pedro river about 10 miles northwest of Tombstone. Town established 1879. Station on E. P. & S. W. rr 16 miles from Benson. Mill was located on river to secure water. Named after Contention mine, one of Tombstone's great producers. So called because of a quarrel between Dick Gird and Williams and Oliver. They divided the claims and Gird called his "the Contention." P. O. established April 6, 1880, John McDermott, p. m.

McNARY Apache county
On Apache Indian reservation at south end of Apache rr. First named Cooley, after Corydon E. Cooley, General Crook's scout who lived for many years a few miles west on road to Apache. Name changed to McNary about 1924, after James G. McNary, president of the McNary Lumber company with operating headquarters here, one of the largest mills in the country. Timber supply comes from the great pine forests of this region. McNary's interests included banking and lumbering. He was president of the First national of El Paso, Texas before devoting himself to active management of the lumber company.

GREATERVILLE Pima county
Named after an early settler. Barnes tells this story about the place: Ed Vail says that about 1880 a group of his cowboys went to Greaterville to a dance. They were drunk and the local people refused to admit them. They withdrew to discuss the situation. House in which dance was held was adobe with dirt roof. It was winter and cold. A man climbed to the roof and dropped a handful of six-shooter cartridges down the chimney into the blazing fire. This ended the dance. P. O. established January 3, 1870, Thomas Steele, p. m.

CALIFORNIA

TOPOCK San Bernardino county
Name given to Santa Fe rr bridge across Colorado river and to station on Arizona side. First name of bridge and station was Red Rock from color of the rocks on the California shore of the river, but this name was discarded by the railroad because there was a station of the same name on the Southern Pacific rr. Second name was Mellen, after Jack Mellen, captain of the river steamboat

Mojave. This was discarded by the Santa Fe for safety reasons, because in hastily written train orders the words Needles and Mellen were easily misread, one for the other. Present name is adaptation, says Battye, of the Mojave Indian word A-ha-to-pok', which means "bridge over water."

NEVADA

LAHONTAN Churchill county
Named for ancient lake said to have covered most of what is now Nevada and part of Idaho and Oregon. Ledges along the mountain ranges indicate what was once the shore line, and Pyramid lake is the largest surviving remnant of the great prehistoric body of water. The legendary lake bears name of a French explorer, Louis Armand de Lahontan who claimed in his memoirs to have ascended River Long, a tremendous stream flowing into the Mississippi from the far west. He gave elaborate description of the physical features and of Indian tribes along the way. Although this river remained on the map for several generations, puzzled geographers never quite were satisfied that the stream actually existed. Some said it was fictitious, others that it might have some connection with the great lake that once covered the area that is now Nevada.

NEW MEXICO

CHAMA (Chah'-mah) Rio Arriba county
Spanish shortened and simplified variation of Tewa Indian name *Tsamaonwi* meaning "wrestling pueblo." Indians today say it probably was named so by their ancestors because of wrestling contests held there in the past. Spanish town near by the ancient ruin was settled in the early 1600s and was called San Pedro de Chama, as was the custom of the Spanish to name their towns after their patron saint, but the name has been shortened to Chama.

UTAH

NOTOM (Note'-um) Wayne county
First called Pleasant creek, but due to the fact that there were several towns of that name, Postmaster Jergen Smith was instructed by the United States post-office department to find another name. Several names were submitted and Notom was selected.

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Writers of the Desert . . .

When BELLE C. EWING of Riverside, California, submitted her first manuscript to the Desert Magazine more than two years ago she received a rejection letter suggesting that she "go out and get better acquainted with the desert before she tried to write about it."

She laughed—and accepted the challenge. At every opportunity, she went to the desert—and then wrote another story about it. She'd show that dumb editor she could write acceptable desert copy.

Five times the manuscripts came back—but Miss Ewing never weakened. Her next trip to the arid region was in the role of an amateur rockhound. She did not know a thing about rocks, and as a collecting expedition it was a complete flop. But she wrote a story about it anyway—and that was the one that clicked. Her yarn, THEY GOT THEIR GEODES, was in the magazine last month.

Miss Ewing started her writing career early in life—at the age of 10 years to be

exact. The original manuscript is still in her trunk. But she has made many sales since then, and for over a year produced the column "Indian Lore and Legends" for the Riverside Press and Enterprise. Many of her features have appeared in eastern magazines. She is serving her second term as president of the Riverside Writers' club.

. . .

G. CARPENTER BARKER, whose story of the Gallup artists, Mae and George de Ville appeared in the November number of the Desert Magazine is a student taking post-graduate work in anthropology at the University of California in Los Angeles.

Carpenter was first initiated into the clan of desert dwellers 10 years ago when he accompanied his father, George Barker, California landscape artist, to Baldy Mesa on the Mojave desert on a camping trip that lasted all summer.

Since then the younger Barker has completed a course in journalism at U. C. L. A. and Columbia university, and has done considerable reporting and free lance writing. One of his articles recently appeared in Christian Science Monitor.

. . .

Last month The Desert Magazine introduced a new recruit in the ranks of popular desert writers. J. D. LAUDERMILK, who wrote THE RILLENSTEINE CASE for that issue of the magazine is a member of the faculty at Pomona College, Claremont, California.

His special hobby is unlocking the secret processes by which old Mother Nature gathered various molecules together and formed them in the chunks of solid matter known in the English language as rocks. It is a fascinating study.

The chain of events which led Laudermilk into this field of interest is so unusual as to deserve repeating. Here is the story as he told it:

"I was born in Rich Hill, Mo., in 1893. After going through the various degrees of foolishness common to the male human, I enlisted in 1917 and was made instructor in the School of Gas Defense at Ft. Sill, Okla. In 1918 I was discharged from the army and was supposed to die of T.B. I managed to scrape together enough cash to buy myself a tent and outfit and went out to Wickenburg, Arizona, where I dug myself in on the ranch of my cousin, Romaine H. Lowdermilk.

"As a sort of funeral gift my sister bought me a camera and portable developing outfit. I think this was an important factor in my getting acquainted with the desert. I reached Wickenburg at



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night. The town then was without electricity and all the Wickenburgians used coal-oil lamps. A cow puncher who worked for my cousin met me at the station with a buckboard and we drove out to the ranch in absolute pitch black darkness, part of the route seemed to be vertical. I have never seen anything like it before nor since.

"I was expected to loat around in bed for about six months if lucky enough to last that long. But next morning I looked out upon a landscape such as I never expected to see "while in the flesh" — there may be something like it hereafter. Deserts, according to my idea of the subject, were composed of sand dunes with maybe a pyramid or sphinx and once in a long time an Arab and an oasis. This was a park—a natural botanical garden full of the most weird and beautiful vegetation I had ever seen—saguaro, bisnaga, cholla, opuntia, creosote bush, in fact everything that a person of my temperament could hope to see. This desert was grand. The sunlight was like sherry wine and the nights like concussion of the brain. Emphatically, this was no country to die in. There was too much to see and photograph. As if in celebration of the occasion, there was an unseasonable shower that day and the whole landscape actually seemed to vibrate and give off waves of vitality. The second day after my arrival at the ranch I saw and captured a Gila monster who was slamming along through the gravel at a great rate and making as much noise as a company of soldiers.

"On this same day my aunt said I could 'take a short walk.' I left the ranch about 10 a. m. with two bars of chocolate and a canteen full of water and didn't get back until six o'clock in the evening. I was supposed to have had something known as a 'relapse' but felt swell and began to recover lost pulmonary territory. I bought all the books I could get on the desert, its plants, its rocks and its history. Within a hundred yards of the ranch house there were metates and ancient irrigation ditches. I once found four arrow points and part of a human jaw bone which had been partly burned.

"After a break of several years I mov-

ed to Claremont and one afternoon while practicing archery an arrow happened to hit a rock and knock off a spall. This rock was full of garnets. I called my wife and we spent the rest of the day breaking open rocks and wondering at the great number of different minerals to be found in a single local rock wall. Next day I bought myself some books on mineralogy and a set of equipment for blow-pipe analysis, and really went to work.

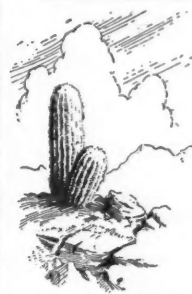
"I found that I had a knack for dopping out the molecular composition and arriving at the identification of an unknown mineral. At this time I had no connection with the college but undertook some research on the minor constituents of sandstone. I found one sample that looked like a snow-white variety but on analysis, after I had put my summations back together again it turned out to be the diopside "malacolite." To make a long story short, this state of affairs came to the notice of the Pomona college officials and I was invited to use a real laboratory as guest of the college.

"In 1933, in collaboration with Dr. Philip A. Munz of this college, I did some work on the identification of the plants associated with the remains of *Nothrotherium shastensis* (the strange-beast from Shasta) commonly called the extinct ground sloth. This material was from Gypsum cave, Nevada, and our re-

sults were published by Carnegie in its report for 1935 on the Paleontology of California, Nevada and Oregon.

"At present, I am working on the origin of those flint nodules that sometimes occur in the desert. This may lead to the de-bunking of concretions of all types, at any rate, I hope so."

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Just 30 minutes from Palm Springs.



Opuntia chlorotica

By ROY MILLER

This bronze whiskered old gentleman — aristocrat of the prickly pear group—likes to hide out in high rocky canyons of the desert mountains, and though he ranges from New Mexico to California and down into Lower California and Sonora, Mexico, he is seldom seen by the casual desert traveler. He seems to be particularly well adapted to live at high altitudes, 4,000 feet or higher, where he is usually found growing along steep, well drained canyon walls in small colonies of three or four plants. Often a tall solitary plant is found standing sentinel on an outcropping of rocks. Extreme soil drainage seems to be one of his requirements.

This species is one of the tree shaped types of *Opuntia*, that is, growing with a definite trunk and branches. The trunk and the older branches, although formed from the flat pads, are nearly round. Young plants start their life as a single series of pads, one above the other, each with the thin edge at right angles to the pad below. Thus they grow into a straight column until about two feet high. When they begin branching, the lower pads fill out and form the round trunk and branches. It often reaches a height of 7 feet or more.

The pads are bright yellow-green in color, flat and disk-like, about six to eight inches in diameter and covered with a pale bluish powder. The spines are thin and bristle-like, about an inch and a half long, and light yellow in color. On the trunk and the lower branches the spines are much longer and somewhat darker in color and hang down in great shaggy masses. When seen in the sunlight the entire plant is the color of polished bronze.

The large yellow flowers appear in the early spring along the edges of the terminal pads. They are beautiful but inconspicuous, being very nearly matched in color with the spines. This is an unusual trait as most plants have flowers of a color more or less in contrast with the general tone of the plant, presumably to better attract the insects which act as pollenizing agents. The fruit makes up for what the flowers lack in color. It is bright reddish purple, nearly two inches long and very striking against the bronze of the plants.

Places where this species may be found are numerous but usually must be reached on foot by hiking back into the hills from the road.



This picture of Opuntia chlorotica photographed by Roy Miller in Joshua Tree national monument. This is sometimes called flapjack cactus.

Some of the finest specimens are found in the eastern part of Southern California in the range of mountains bordering the Colorado river. Many fine plants can be found in the Joshua Tree national monument, hidden back in the canyons among the huge granite boulders between Keys ranch and Split Rock. The western limit of its range is on the desert slope of the coastal range, and one of the few places where *chlorotica* can be seen from the pavement is along the Palms-to-Pines highway near the summit. It occurs in areas of south and west Arizona, especially south of the Hualpai mountains, and in southern New Mexico.

Opuntia chlorotica seems to have no well established common name, although it is sometimes called "Pancake" or "Flapjack"

cactus. This is probably due to the fact that it is seldom seen in cultivation as it is very disappointing when brought into the garden. Collected joints are difficult to root and very slow growing. They usually lose their spine color and the blue powdery covering of the pads washes off, leaving only a sad caricature of the noble plants found on the desert.

Photographic Cactus Show

Probably the only exhibit of its kind, the second annual plant photographic show was held November 9, 10, 11 by the Southwest Cactus Growers at Manchester Playground in



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JOHNSON CACTUS GARDENS HYNES, CALIF
BOX T-3

Los Angeles, California. The one hundred and five entries comprised cactus and succulent prints and desert landscapes, on standard mounts 16x20 inches.

Sweepstake winner was Mrs. Elden Olsen of Santa Monica, with a cereus flower photo. Following are winners in the two divisions represented:

- I. Black and white only.
 - a. Botanic print, won by Roy Miller.
 - b. Botanical series of prints, won by Roy Miller.
 - c. Individual cactus print, won by George Olin.
 - d. Individual succulent print, won by E. S. Taylor.
 - e. Cactus flower print, won by Mrs. Elden Olsen.

- f. Succulent flower print, won by Roy Miller.
 g. Habitat print, won by Roy Miller.
 h. Desert scene print, won by George Olin.
- II. Special division.
 a. Pencil or ink drawings, won by Mrs. Francis Runyon.
 b. Colored drawing or painting, won by Mindele Swafford.
 c. Special entry, won by J. G. Swafford.
- Judges were J. R. Brown and Scott Haselton of Pasadena and Harrison Van Syoc of Los Angeles.

Rita and Jim Donnelly held the formal opening of their beautiful new Michael-Donnelly cacti gardens at 1264 Bush street, San Francisco, December 1. Their specimens were displayed to fine advantage in their artistic new rock garden. They specialize in rare imported specimens.

ANSWERS TO DESERT QUIZ

Questions on page 30.

- 1—Desert tortoise eggs are buried in the sand by the mother, and hatched there.
- 2—Three years.
- 3—Colorado river.
- 4—Yuma.
- 5—Banderlier national monument.
- 6—Death Valley.
- 7—Dellenbaugh.
- 8—Pea.
- 9—In the sun.
- 10—Corn.
- 11—Coal.
- 12—Ben Hur, written by Lew Wallace.
- 13—Apache trail.
- 14—Lieut. Beale.
- 15—Applying pressure to the edge of the rough flint with the point of a deer antler.
- 16—Lordsburg, New Mexico.
- 17—A devil or evil spirit.
- 18—Tucson.
- 19—Utah.
- 20—Quartz and feldspar.

Weather

FROM PHOENIX BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	58.9
Normal for November	59.7
High on November 2	86.0
Low on November 26	36.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	11
Normal for November	70
Weather—	
Days clear	14
Days partly cloudy	9
Days cloudy	7

G. K. GREENING, Meteorologist.

FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	61.0
Normal for November	62.4
High on November 2	86.0
Low on November 24	38.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	Trace
71-year average for November	0.29
Weather—	
Days clear	20
Days partly cloudy	6
Days cloudy	4
Sunshine 86 percent (272 hours out of possible 314 hours).	
Colorado river—November discharge at Grand Canyon 435,000 acre feet. Release from Boulder dam 785,000 acre feet. Estimated storage November 30 behind Boulder dam 24,290,000 acre feet.	

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.

Take the Desert to your Friends



FOR a few hours each month bring them the fresh air and sunshine, the charm and the relaxation of remote desert canyons and historic old waterholes.

Take them into a world of precious minerals and strange and beautiful flowering plants—and along the trails of ancient Indian, of explorer and prospector and pioneer.

Let the Desert Magazine serve as a personal message—appointed by you to take the beauty and peace of the great mysterious desert outdoors into the home of someone you like and whom you would like to give added happiness.

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Deep in the heart of every human is a love of adventure and exploration. And that is why Desert Magazine is now read by more than 50,000 enthusiastic men and women and children every month. It is informative and entertaining — and in the background is the subtle philosophy of a better way of life.

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THE *Desert* MAGAZINE
 El Centro, California



LETTERS

El Monte, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

For your rockery I am sending you a stone I picked up on the strand at Hermosa beach this spring. Once every several years a "crop" of these rocks surge up on to the beach during the spring storms. There is always the usual query and wonderment as to why they were there and where did they come from.

Well, here is one solution as given by a gent with an Emerald brogue. We will go

back to the legend of the Giants Causeway. The captain of the giants, the Fin McCoul, took particular delight in standing by the channel between Ireland and Scotland and thumbing his nose at a big Scotchman. Sandy advised Fin that if it wasn't for gettin' his clothes wet he would swim across and paste the tar out of him, Fin then told Sandy that as a matter of accommodation he would build a causeway across the channel so that he (Sandy) could come over and have the grandest fight he ever had.

The causeway was built, Sandy came over and apparently put up a good scrap for although the Irish giant trimmed him good and plenty he so admired him that he invited Sandy to stay in Ireland and marry one of their beautiful colleens. This suited Sandy to perfection as the pickings were pretty slim in the oatmeal state.

Now here's the appendage to the legend which is very often omitted. In preparing

for the wedding they got busy cleaning up the mess of broken rock scattered all over the countryside due to the building of the causeway. The problem of disposing of the rocks was solved when it was suggested that they take their sling shots and fling them across the ocean to this land over here.

Well whether it was due to short sightedness or over developed muscles from building the causeway most of the stones flew clear across this continent and landed in the Pacific ocean. The rest of them failed to clear San Geronio and San Jacinto. These banged against the mountainsides and rolled down around Banning and Garnet.

GEO. A. STINGLE.

Off the record: This rock is not basalt but is near enough for general purposes.

G. A. S.

Quartzite, Arizona

The Desert Magazine:

Am just an old desert rat that roams the desert and I enjoy seeing and studying what the Big Boss put on it. Am 70 years old, so you see I am just a kid.

Now folks, I read and enjoy your magazine whenever I can get hold of one. A friend of mine gave me your November issue and I read it from one end to the other, pictures and all, and after reading the petrified Bacon article, pictures too, on pages 13-14-15-16, I didn't see any mention of the human face on page 15 on the right side of the cave entrance. Grab a November issue and see if I am not right, old-timer.

I remain a reader of No. 1 magazine.

SILVER PRITCHARD.

Old-timer: You are right. The face was quite plain, but no one had noticed it until after the negative was developed and printed. It was one of those cases when the camera eye was sharper than the human eye.

Eagle Rock, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

In the questions and answers of your last issue I was surprised to note the statement that jackrabbits are swifter than coyotes.

No doubt you have reliable authority for this, although it is hard for me to believe. Once I witnessed a race between Mr. Jack-rabbit and a coyote which proved to be just the reverse. It occurred in the open country entirely free from vegetation so there was no chance for the former to dodge into or around cactus, bush or shrub.

He seemed to be fairly burning up the ground by his speed, with Mr. Coyote following in apparently a leisurely manner with his long steady leaps; just the same he was slowly but surely gaining on the other so that in about a mile as they passed over the ridge out of my sight he was almost upon the rabbit.

CHESTER A. PINCKHAM.

(An old desert rat)

Dear Cap: Sorry you didn't get to see the finish of that race. I'm still offering odds that the rabbit won. A hungry coyote will travel mighty fast for a meal on an open course—but the old-timers generally agree he'll not go as fast nor as far as a jackrabbit in a terrain of aunes and rocks.

— R. H.

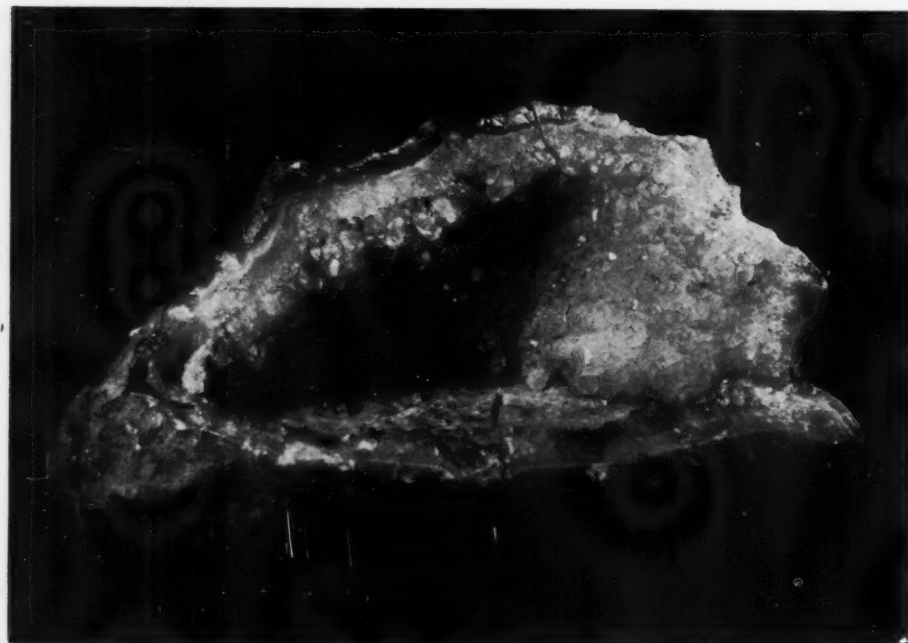
Mesa Grande, California

Dear Friend:

In your December issue I answered 15 of your "True or False" questions correctly and confirmed by your "answers" and so I become eligible to become a member of the "Royal Order of Desert Rats."

I just wanted to turn in my credentials.

ED. H. DAVIS.



GEM AND MINERAL COLLECTORS

- This winter come to TWENTYNINE PALMS. Here you will find a never-ending source of pleasure and surprise.
- Here you will find "geodes" the surprise package of the mineral field; rich veins of red and brown jasper; flat slabs of agate and carnelian excellent in both texture and color.
- Explore this rich, interesting gem area. The collector willing to do a little hunting and digging will be amply rewarded with some outstanding specimens.
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For details, maps and specific information please refer to the December 1938 and January 1940 issues of The Desert Magazine. Or write to the Secretary,

Chamber of Commerce
TWENTYNINE PALMS
CALIFORNIA

Falloni, Nevada
Gentlemen:
Perhaps you think it odd and out of place that I should write a publishing company for wild flower seed, but as a last resort, I am appealing to the Desert Magazine publishers, in the hopes that you may know where I may obtain seeds or plants of the following desert flowers: OCOTILLO, INDIAN PAINT SAGE, CHINESE HOUSES, BIRD'S EYE BRUSH, DESERT MARROW, PURPLE GILIA, and CHUPAROSA. Of these, I am particularly in hopes that I may obtain the first two mentioned in the above list.

I am a very enthused reader and subscriber to your wonderful magazine, and I might add that is one of the very, very few magazines that I read cover to cover. I look forward to receiving each copy.

I will appreciate any help that you may be able to give me in my quest of the above mentioned desert wild flowers.

FRANK M. JONES.

If any of our readers know the answer, the Desert Magazine will be glad to pass the information along to Frank Jones. If some one has the time and patience to harvest desert wild flower seed there is quite a demand for them.

East Pasadena, California

Dear Sir:

We have been reading your magazine for some time and enjoy each copy of it very much. We read each article telling of some new rock field to investigate, so were very much interested in the story by John Hilton in the March 1940 copy, and decided to see if we could find any of the gypsum crystals or the alabaster.

We stayed all night in Indio, and early next morning we were on our way to the place shown on the map, there was no difficulty in locating either the crystals or the alabaster, and we secured some very nice specimens of both.

Having the material we decided to try working some of it up, and we were so well pleased with the result that we are sending you a picture of some of the articles we made.

Hoping this picture may be of some interest to you I am,

E. O. POLZEL.

Palms Station, California

Desert Magazine:

Please send me a binder. Treasure the magazines to the extent that the first five or six issues of the current year were put away so carefully I am having a helluva time recalling the location of the cache.

BLACK.

Montezuma Castle,
Camp Verde, Arizona

Dear Mr. Henderson:

In reading the Desert Magazine for November, your article "Palm Oasis in Mortero Canyon, I notice the following, "I've often wondered if the problem of the initial-carvers might not be solved by erecting a heavy plank slab of oak or walnut at such places—a sort of whittling post for the jackknife fraternity." I am sending a little cartoon I cut from the back of THE FAMILY CIRCLE for September 27, 1940 which agrees with your idea (except for type of wood to be used). Thought you might enjoy it and perhaps there is a chance there to localize the whittler's endeavors.

On Planter's Peanuts Program (What's on your Mind) last week a California woman made an earnest plea for a bounty on rattlesnakes so that they would all be exterminated. Seems one buzzed at her—poor soul. Probably her plea will die a much deserved death, but it's something to watch out for. I believe you and other desert lovers will agree that friend rattler is a citizen in his own right and defi-

nately a part of the makeup as it was intended. In this day and age of dictators, Fifth Columnists, and such, anything that buzzes before it strikes should be raised to a point of national esteem rather than lowered to a point of threatened extermination. Let's not let any movement start to kill all rattlers any more than we would cut down all cactus because some not-too-careful soul picked up a thorn.

WILLIAM L. BOWEN.

Moapa, Nevada

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I have been making an extensive study as to where the ancients got their rocks for points and I have arrived at this decision after examining many old sites and numerous hills. I believe the majority of points were chipped from boulders found loose on the ground. I

can take you on certain hills near here and show you where the surface of the ground is littered with chips.

Pass this tip on to some of the rockhounds, when they find a hill where there is many loose black boulders . . . crack a few of them and they might be surprised at what they find. The old Indians didn't pass up many. They prospected with a purpose and that was to find rock suitable for points. I'd like to see an article some day in DESERT by some authority like Dr. Harrington on point and dart making by the primitive people.

BRADLEY R. STUART.

Friend Stuart: You've been reading my mind. Several months ago I asked M. R. Harrington to prepare such an article and it is in our files awaiting publication. You'll see it in the DM a little later.

—R.H.

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Ninita Parkway is one block east of So. Hill Ave. between Oakdale and San Pasqual streets. East of Cal-Tech and South of Pasadena Junior College.

Gems and Minerals

This department of the Desert Magazine is reserved as a clearing house for gem and mineral collectors and their societies. Members of the "rock-hound" fraternity are invited to send in news of their field trips, exhibits, rare finds, or other information which will be of interest to collectors.

—ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor—

WESTERN MINERAL SHOW TO BE HELD FEBRUARY 15-22

Animated displays, including the manufacture of turquoise jewelry by Indians, the operation of pottery wheels by Mexican artists and the operation of lapidary equipment, are to be among the novel features of the western Mineral exposition to be held in the basement of the chamber of commerce building in Los Angeles February 15 to 22.

There will also be a miniature placer mine, supplied with auriferous material from Goler gulch near Randsburg.

Special inducements in the way of prizes are to be offered to persons with one or two extra fine mineral specimens to enter them in the show. They will be displayed in show cases under guard.

Last year's western Mineral exposition attracted 18,000 visitors, and it is expected that a new record will be established this year. There are many applications for exhibit space.

BEAUTIFUL SITE PICKED FOR OAKLAND CONVENTION

Eight thousand square feet of exhibit space—more than double the space available at Santa Barbara last year—will be available for exhibitors at the sixth annual convention of the California Federation of Mineral societies at Oakland May 10-11, according to Orlin J. Bell, chairman of the convention.

The setting for this year's conclave is of exceptional beauty—the Hotel Claremont on the Oakland-Berkeley line. There are acres of lawns and gardens surrounding the hotel. There is a large lecture room available, and a banquet room capable of seating 900 guests.

Under Bell's direction the host society at Oakland is making elaborate plans to entertain hundreds of visitors from all over the west.

MUSEUM EXPANDED

Mackay School of Mines, Reno, Nevada, has added a new unit to its museum. The exhibit now consists of three divisions, mining, mineral and historical. Mackay museum had its beginning 33 years ago under Professor Walter S. Palmer, now curator of the museum, head of the school's department of metallurgy and director of the state analytical laboratory. The collections contain specimens from all parts of the world, with emphasis on Nevada minerals.

New Nevada Mining Directory

Directory of Nevada Mines, prepared by R. L. Richie of Reno, was off the press early in November. It contains lists of mines, their managers, location and products. The book is available for \$1.00 per copy from the Mining Press, Reno, Nevada.

California federation of mineralogical societies is beginning to mail information and communications regarding 1941 convention plans to all federated societies. Prompt replies are requested.

Birthstones

January—Garnet

Pyrope garnet has long been considered the lucky stone for January. It is more brilliantly red than any other garnet and, at times, almost duplicates the color of the royal ruby. However, it lacks ruby hardness.

In our grandmother's day, the finely cut garnet was very costly, but that is no longer true. An Arizona cowboy discovered that he could sift thousands of good garnets from the sand around ant hills. Instead of making a fortune, he merely flooded the market and brought the price tumbling down to almost nothing.

PRIZES FOR PEBBLE PUPS

In order to stimulate the interest of boys and girls in earth sciences, the sixth annual convention of the California federation of mineralogical societies is offering prizes for the outstanding collections of minerals and polished specimens exhibited by juniors. Each federated club is urged to plan a local exhibition for boys and girls, the winners to be sent to compete with other junior winners at the Oakland convention.

QUARTZ CRYSTALS

In a recent shipment of quartz crystals, from Crystal Springs, Arkansas, were many unusual ones.

Nine crystals were doubly terminated; three were right hand crystals; six were left hand crystals; one was a fine phantom; one was a doubly terminated water crystal. The crystals were from three to five inches in length and uniformly transparent.

FOSSILS

Both invertebrate and vertebrate fossils are attracting the attention of collectors more than ever before. Already large collections are being increased by trading carefully selected local duplicates for those from other sections of the country.

Misnamed Minerals

"Rossite"

The name "Rossite" has recently been called to our attention as the name of a finely marked Jasper of central Oregon. It seems that the name was applied by one of the northern mineral societies in honor of Ross Brothers who first discovered this special variety of Jasper.

Dana's textbook of Mineralogy describes Rossite as being a hydrous oxide of calcium and vanadium, found in San Miguel county, Colorado. When naming a new mineral or variety, great care should be used to select a name not already in use.

The DESERT MAGAZINE

AMONG THE ROCK HUNTERS

San Diego mineralogical society elected the following officers at its annual meeting in October: Robert F. Howard, president; R. W. Rowland, vice president; Dorothy Mayfield, secretary. At the November meeting it was decided to hold semi-monthly meetings on second and fourth Fridays. The first meeting of the month will be devoted to an outstanding speaker; the second will be an open forum discussion with emphasis on local minerals. The public is invited to attend and bring mineral problems for consideration.

Mineralogical society of Southern California raised dues from 75c to one dollar. The additional quarters will be used for purchase of mineral specimens for door prizes.

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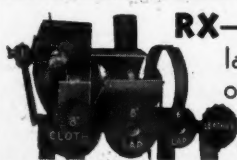
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Harold Volkman entertained East Bay mineral society, Oakland, with a motion picture, "Bryce Cañon in Kodachrome," at the November meeting. There was also a four table display of minerals.

Fred G. Greulich, Carson City, Nevada, says the recent death of Thomas (Dry Wash) Wilson in Long Beach, California, recalls the dramatic story of one of Nevada's most successful pioneers. Wilson went to Round mountain, about 35 miles northeast of Tonopah, in 1906, where he bought the first lot in the camp. This he soon sold for a large profit, and then he located a fraction claim from which he took \$13,000. All Wilson's mining was done by the dry washing system. From his adherence to this method in his many successful mining ventures he became known as "Dry Wash" Wilson.

American Mineral Collectors Directory lists featured collecting areas of the nation, gem collectors and mineral hobbyists, students and lapidaries. It offers wide exchange possibilities. Postpaid, \$1.10, Western Mineral Exchange, 322 Madison St., Seattle, Washington.

Santa Monica gemological society will hold future meetings in Judge Ryan's court room, Santa Monica city hall. At the November 7 meeting, Wendell Stewart exhibited colored slides and specimens obtained on Stewart-Calvert expeditions to Mexico. A collection of scenic petrified wood was displayed through the courtesy of Jessie Hirsch. C. D. Heaton conducted the regular study period for beginners. November field trip was to Red Rock cañon for garnets and fossil bone.

Kern county mineral society awards two prizes to members each month, one for the best polished specimen, one for the best specimen in the rough.

Imperial valley gem and mineral society has voted to award a door prize at each meeting. The prizes will be donated by members.

Dr. C. D. Woodhouse, California federation president, was the speaker at the November meeting of Kern county mineral society. His subject was "Mineral Collecting."

Los Angeles mineralogical society went to Red Rock cañon for the December field trip. Jaspers, zeolites, calcite and wollastonite were found. This society has an excellent plan of publishing in the monthly bulletin a bibliography of books and articles dealing with minerals to be encountered on prospective field trips.

Plainfield, New Jersey, mineral society studied fluorescence and fluorescence lamps at the November meeting. D. Dana of General Electric company was speaker. A. Northup led the November field trip to Sparta Quarry, Sparta, New Jersey. This society issues a complete yearly program schedule of meetings and field trips.

B. Gordon Funk of the Los Angeles society discussed the borate minerals at the October meeting of Long Beach mineralogical society.

Many members of Sequoia mineral society attend night classes in lapidary and jewelry craft.

C. Douglas Woodhouse has resigned as president of Santa Barbara mineral society in order to devote his full time to the California Federation of which he is president. Wm. A. Edwards was elected president of the Santa Barbara group; Marian C. Ryan, vice-president; Bernice Herd, treasurer; Rita Matson, secretary.

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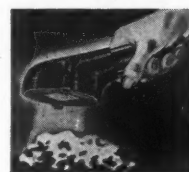
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RAMBLING ROCKNUTS

Bertha and E. K. Brown, rock hobbyists of Seattle, Washington, left their home early in October for a motor trip through the Southwest. It was a sort of gypsy trip, meeting the collectors along the way, both private and commercial, hunting for semi-precious stones and fossils, and wherever possible, trading their Washington

specimens for those in other localities. Mrs. Brown is a writer as well as collector. (She wrote the Ginkgo forest story for Desert Magazine readers last August.) At the suggestion of Desert Magazine she kept a notebook on the trip — and has written about their experiences. Following is the first installment of her "gypsy diary":

By BERTHA GREELEY BROWN

I am sure my husband and I talked much about our vacation plans for when the time came to take to the road, Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Lill and Lieut. and Mrs. E. M. Schaffer, also rock hobbyists and fellow members of the Seattle Gem Collectors club, declared themselves in on the trip.

We drove out of Seattle early one morning, caravan-like with three cars, and arrived the next day in Caldwell, Idaho. E. K. and I drove straight through but the Lills and Schaffer stopped at Payette, a few miles north of Caldwell, to call on D. H. Snowberger, an old-timer in western Idaho.

Mr. Snowberger is a horticulturist by profession and a collector by habit. In collecting, he specializes in cactus, desert glass and minerals. All other things are side issues. He met the Seattle people in the city center and led them out to his place by riding ahead, weaving in and out of traffic on a bicycle of 1918 vintage. If he likes people he will direct them to his pet mineral fields in the hills close about Payette. He is generous beyond reason and when the Lills and Schaffers arrived in Caldwell, close on our heels, they were loaded with many rock specimens from his collection.

Joyce Whitmore, Secretary of the Owhyhee Gem and Mineral society of Caldwell arrived at the cabin camp just as the six of us were about to eat lunch. She had been appointed official greeter to our group by the Owhyhee society. Joyce, a senior in the college at Caldwell, is an Associated Press reporter, a teacher of airplane flying and in slack intervals between classes, news and flights she does hiking clothes and hunts for rocks.

"This afternoon," she explained, "we will do basement prospecting and tomorrow we will go for a hunt in the hills." This suited us fine, for we were rocknuts at large, and ready for any plan.

Francis Pickett, hobbyist, whose home came first on the visiting list, has a basement that bulges with many a rock, but the collection deserving most mention is his 2500 specimens of practically every known precious and semi-precious stone gathered in all corners of the earth. It is a collection too valuable to be housed in his home and is in safe keeping in a bank.

Mr. Pickett's method of prospecting local fields is most unique. He takes his "puddle jumper" of a plane and flies low over the hills. When he sees a likely formation he shuttles back and forth to find a landing. This is a precarious feat for much of the terrain of western Idaho and eastern Oregon stands on edge. If he can find no landing he sketches a map, then goes in as far as possible with automobile and hikes the rest of the way. He is well paid for these ventures for in this manner he has discovered many a new and rich field.

From the Pickett home we crossed the street corner to visit the McGee's. "Here they are, Dad," Mrs. McGee called as we entered a

yard fenced in on two sides with boulders of jasper, of gem quality. C. A. McGee, president of the Owhyhee Mineral society, came from the back yard rock pile wiping a moist and tanned face on his shirt sleeve and gave us a hand grip that left no question as to sincerity. The McGee place is literally stacked with petrified wood and jasper collected from nearby localities. Too good a quality to be put into fences and fireplaces, I thought. Many a commercial would covet the material we saw kicking about Mr. McGee's yard. Sliced and polished it would sell. It would find a ready market.

He has a lapidary outfit and does perfect cabochon work.

I fancied his beautiful polished thunder eggs that came from the Chocolate mountains of California. In the living room, under glass, was a specimen of natrolite (needle zeolite). It was large, beautiful and bristling. Natrolite, according to F. B. Loomis, occurs as needle like crystals in the seams and cavities of lava. It is easily fusible and can be melted in candle flame.

We are now in possession of a natrolite

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The DESERT MAGAZINE

specimen (smaller than Mr. McGee's). It is a dainty bit and useless save to inspire one's admiration for the delicacy of minute crystal formation. This natrolite resembles a tuft of fur and I could tell the average person I had plucked it from the belly of an Idaho jack-rabbit and get by with the story. It is the baby of our mineral collection and for that reason I handle it with tenderness, solicitude and care.

The day after basement prospecting Mr. McGee led our party into a petrified wood area. I could never give the exact locality for all Idaho hills look alike to me. We started west, traveled all points of the compass and arrived back at Caldwell without retracing one foot of familiar road. The wood (unidentified) shows structure pattern, is red and tan and shot through with blue agate. McGee also took us into an agate field that is a seventh heaven to mineral collectors. Here we gathered amber colored silicate rock of solid quality. This is spaced with white plume effect as if a million or more minute ostrich plumes had been thrown into a caldron of liquid rock, given a stir and then held forever in full, feathery, delicate beauty. Green moss agate was picked up in a nearby field.

We said goodbye to the Schaffers on Monday morning for they were returning to Seattle while the Lills went on with us to Salt Lake City.

At the museum in the Temple Square, the Mormon center in Salt Lake City, we saw 70-pound piece of halite crystals sent there by Frank Call, a Southern Pacific railroad employee stationed at Lakeside, Utah. Mr. Call shipped E. K. several large pieces of halite (sodium chloride, NaCl.) last year. Halite crystalizes in the isometric system and is a thing of cubistic beauty. We have been told halite takes these particular fantastic shapes only at Lakeside, across the lake from Ogden, Utah. Mr. Call and his son Rey row out six miles from the shore and pry these crystals from the stringers and piling of the railroad bridge that spans the Great Salt lake.

This work is done under difficulty, for at times when the wind is high the waves completely engulf them. Mr. Call has sent halite crystals to schools, museums, collectors and even to President Roosevelt. Gathering and giving these crystals to interested persons is his hobby.

From Salt Lake City we traveled south by the way of Bryce canyon, Zion park, etc. These experiences will be recorded next month.

RICH CALCITE DEPOSIT

Santa Fe, New Mexico, reports the development by Bausch and Lomb optical company of a deposit of calcite crystals, in the San Pedro mountains, northwest of Santa Fe. Calcite crystals are essential in the making of polarizing microscopes, colorimeters, polariscopes and other precision instruments used in scientific research.

Formerly, the world's supply of calcite crystals came from a mine near Helgustadir, Iceland. During the first world war the mine was flooded and no good crystals have since been obtained from there. Small quantities have been found at various places, but no adequate supply was encountered until the development of the New Mexico mine. The output in the last few months has been about 500 pounds.

ARIZONA BULLETIN

Arizona bureau of mines announces publication of 5000 copies of a bulletin reprint, "Field Tests for Common Minerals," written by George Fansett, bureau mining engineer. Fansett uses the bulletin as a basic text in conducting a series of demonstrations throughout Arizona on simple field tests for strategic war minerals—molybdenum, vanadium, tin, etc.

Cogitations . . .

Of a Rockhound

By LOUISE EATON

Weekends is when rockhounds prowl. So when chance 'r the calendar adds a holiday to either side of a weekend, rockhounds all over the country leaves their comfortable homes an' strikes out for desert 'r mountain 'r cañon 'r to see another rockhoun's collection. Of course, the other rockhoun likely ain't home, too, but he's arranged with someone to exhibit his specimens 'r to guide the visitin' rockhounds to good huntin' grounds somewher near. Long week ends shure is appreciated by the rockhoun fraternity, especially when Mother Nature throws in a full moon for good measure.

Rockhounds sometimes wonders what folks thinks road signs is for. They—the road signs, not the folks—ain't ment for targets to practice shooting at, but that's whot they get used for lotsa times. It's xasperating enuf in inhabited places to find a road sign punctured by bullets 'n rustin brown around the holes so's it can't hardly be read. But, miles from nowher, it's serious. A rong turn may take a rockhoun so far outta his way that he has no time left for prospectin. Road maintenance men can't be xpected to patrol seldom used desert trails. Their duty was complete when they set up the signs at crossroads. If folks has to shoot, lettum use some of the tin cans, 'n spare the road signs.

CALIFORNIA BULLETIN

Walter W. Bradley, state mineralogist, announces release of part one, bulletin 118, entitled "Geologic Formations and Economic Development of the Oil and Gas Fields of California." The bulletin is the largest ever published by the California division of mines. Part one is titled "Development of the Industry," part two "Geology of California and the Occurrence of Oil Fields"; part three, "Descriptions of the Individual Oil and Gas Fields"; part four, "Glossaries, Bibliography and Index." The volume is profusely illustrated.

Northern California mineral society has begun a series of informal round table discussions; one mineral is considered at each session. Members take turns at the chairmanship. The class in micromounting, under Geo. H. Needham, is making excellent progress.

A fluorescence booth has been added to the mineral display at Santa Barbara museum of natural history. The center piece is a beautiful red calcite cut by F. H. Crawford of Arcadia and presented by Ellsworth Beach of Los Angeles.

E. F. Montgomery, Santa Monica gemological society, has made a strand of beads from howlite.

President "Chuck" Correll of Imperial Valley Gem and Mineral society, during November, led a party of six members on a field trip to the quartz crystal field near Quartzsite, Arizona. The nights were quite cold. Each member found hundreds of good crystals from microscopic size to about two inches in diameter. Besides clear crystals there were many citrines, tapering and flat crystals, and chlorite inclusions. A side interest was created by finding many cubes of limonite iron.

GIFTS FOR THE ROCKHOUNDS

Here is a select list of books for both the amateur and advanced student in gem collecting and mineralogy.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH MINERALS, G. L. English. Fine introduction to mineralogy. 258 illustrations, 324 pages \$2.50

LEGENDS OF GEMS, H. L. Thomson. Elementary principles of gems and gem-cutting. 136 pages \$1.15

HANDBOOK FOR THE AMATEUR LAPIDARY, J. H. Howard. One of the best guides for the beginner gemcutter. 140 pages. Good illustration \$2.00

QUARTZ FAMILY MINERALS, Dake, etc. New and authoritative handbook for the mineral collector. Illustrated. 304 pages \$2.50

MINERAL IDENTIFICATION SIMPLIFIED, O. C. Smith. Complete table of all known minerals with simple methods of testing for identification. Gives specific gravity, hardness, color, streak, luster, cleavage and composition. Index. 271 pages \$3.50

DESCRIPTIVE LIST of the New Minerals 1892 to 1938, by G. L. English. For advanced collectors. 258 pages \$2.50

FIELD BOOK OF COMMON ROCKS AND MINERALS, by Frederic Brewster Loomis. Fine handbook for collectors. Beautifully illustrated. Includes 67 colored plates for identifying gem crystals. \$3.50

HANDBOOK FOR PROSPECTORS, M. W. Bernewitz. Complete guide covering mining law, methods, occurrence and identification of minerals. Illustrated. 362 pages and index \$3.00

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HERE AND THERE ... on the Desert

ARIZONA

Tucson ...

Thirty million Indians of the western hemisphere can be welded into a decisive unit of defense of the hemisphere and of democracy. John Collier, U. S. Commissioner of Indian affairs, said this when he spoke to teachers attending the annual convention of the Arizona Education association. Moreover, Collier added, a determined and sustained effort will be made to mobilize the 30,000,000. Sponsored by the United States and established at an international congress held in Mexico in April, a permanent hemisphere institute of the Indian will promote solidarity. Purpose is to uphold the economic situation and consumptive power of the Indian. "We need to realize," said Collier, "that the Indians can teach us more about democracy than we can teach them. Fundamental democracy is the reality as well as the ideal of Indian life in all of the countries." The Indian problem, he declared, is to incorporate in Indian life tools and methods of modern living and at the same time to maintain intact their basic social structure and community organization.

Kingman ...

National park service plans for development of the southern borders of Lake Mead in Mohave county have been received by the chamber of commerce. At Pierce Ferry a contact station and museum, utility area campground, adequate boating and swimming facilities and a residential area, are proposed. Operator's development includes a fisherman's village directly adjacent to the main public dock and a grouping of overnight accommodations composed of a lodge and single and multiple cabins. At the foot of Grapevine Arm wash there are accommodations now for approximately 50 persons. Improved road to Pierce Ferry will be built, following recent surveys, a distance of 14.5 miles from the recreational area boundary.

Ajo ...

Arizona concessionaries will build a fishing, hunting, recreation and health resort on the peninsula of La Cholla, adjoining Rocky Point on the Gulf of California, where the Mexican government has started building breakwaters and piers. Grading has been finished and oiling is under way on the improved highway from the Arizona border at Sonoita. Arizona will pave the highway from Ajo to the border.

Nogales ...

Legislation to authorize the Coronado international monument on the Mexican border stalled when a Republican congressman from Illinois objected. The bill was up for consideration on the consent calendar of the House. Representative Church said to permit prospecting, mining and grazing in the monument area would involve important change in public policy. Therefore he asked for postponement until time permitted discussion.

Ganado ...

In 1928 only six Indian mothers went to Ganado mission for birth of their babies. This year 122 young redskins were ushered into the world at the mission hospital, reports Dr. C. G. Salsbury, head of the institution. Indian women are better educated now in the need for medical aid in childbirth, says the doctor.

Holbrook ...

Here are a few names of Indians registered for Uncle Sam's conscript army in Navajo county: Soda Pop, Tehane Soninlaw, Harold Greymountain, Little John, Harvey Blackwater, Frank Shorthair, Paul Redhorse, Paul Bigboy, Samuel Redeye, Black Sheeps Brother, Yellowhorse, and George Nosoftie.

CALIFORNIA

Indio ...

Record date yield in California for 1940 will reach an all-time high of more than 9,000,000 pounds, it is estimated here. This is three and a half times as large as the 1939 crop. Chain store organizations are helping to market the dates through special advertising. In 1939 rains at harvest time wrecked high hopes. Previous production peak was 7,940,000 pounds in 1936. California accounts for 95 per cent of the domestic crop. European war has curtailed date shipments from Asia Minor and North Africa, chief shipping areas for most of America's normal supplies.

29 Palms ...

Season's first report of mountain sheep in this area comes from Hall McAllister, wildlife conservationist. He reports George Connor, enroute to Morongo valley early in the day along the 29 Palms highway 10 miles east of Whitewater, saw a fine specimen of bighorn ram feeding near the road. Connor stopped his car, approached the animal on foot, edging through the cactus-studded hillside. When the ram saw Connor it dashed away to the mountains. McAllister says there are no more than 200 to 300 mountain sheep in all California. Death Valley has 75, Palm Springs area 25 and the others are in the Mojave and Colorado desert mountains, according to his census.

El Centro ...

Imperial Valley trail markers organized in November with John R. Adams president, Arthur Eaton, Holtville, secretary-treasurer. Purpose: to mark points of interest along valley highways; mark "famous firsts" such as first irrigation canal, first church, etc., to establish small botanical gardens at valley gateways, and to preserve natural assets of the region.

Palm Springs ...

Tony Burke is the new roundup boss of the Desert Riders. He was elected to succeed Earl Gibbs. Melba Bennett is straw boss, or vice president for the new season; Frank Bogert top wrangler and Nancy Relf treasurer. Eugene Griffes will hang onto the job of trail boss and C. E. Gordon is running the commissary.

The DESERT MAGAZINE

To those who love
the Desert most...



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From all walks of life, doctors, lawyers, mechanics, teachers — all — have come to the desert. Many who come to visit have returned to stay. In the desert they found mystery, and beauty as well as peace and relaxation.

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INDIO

Niland . . .

Fishing was good on the desert in November. Mullet around the south end of Salton sea were caught in great quantities with pitchforks. Some folks caught the fish with their bare hands. Truckloads were hauled away from the shores near where New river empties into the salty below-sea-level catch basin of Imperial and Coachella valleys. Years ago Capt. Charles Davis, veteran of the Newfoundland fishing banks, developed a commercial fishery in the desert on Salton sea. He built docks, launched seagoing dories, used seines. When mullet grew scarce he built dikes around ponds, fed impounded mullet with chopped alfalfa, then marketed fat fish. By 1929 there were few mullet in the sea, a state survey disclosed. In recent years the mullet suddenly appeared in great numbers. They range in size up to 10 or 12 pounds and fishermen tell tales of even larger fish taken in the shallows near the sea's edge. Farmers found hayforks made efficient spears. Fish and game wardens are said to have put a stop to seining. El Centro Elks caught fish by hand for a mullet dinner. Usually mullet are caught in nets. In Florida hook-and-line fishermen take them and in Imperial Valley a few experimenters have tried floating gang hooks. The grey mullet family, to which these fish belong, is esteemed as food.

. . .

Victorville . . .

Mystery of five human skeletons, found buried in a sitting position, hands clasped as if in prayer and all facing the Mojave river, remains unsolved. Sheriff's deputies and other investigators were called when the grave was discovered in a cornfield on the Robert Turner ranch, overlooking a ford once used by pony express riders. It is suggested the skeletons are those of pioneers who traveled the old Mormon trail.

. . .

El Centro . . .

Lettuce growers and shippers in Imperial valley will be hosts at a three-day Vegetable Mardi Gras in this city January 31 to February 3, according to plans announced by Robert Hays, secretary of the chamber of commerce. Informal entertainment is to be staged in the packing sheds where the work of packing out of hundreds of carloads of winter lettuce will be in progress. At this time of the year Imperial valley produces the greater part of the lettuce crop consumed in the United States.

. . .

NEVADA

Boulder City . . .

Work goes ahead steadily on an exhibit building at Boulder dam to house a model of the Colorado river basin. The structure will be approximately 120 feet long and about 35 feet wide. The river basin model will show the Colorado river from mouth to source, in detail all dams, power plants, the All-American canal, the Metropolitan water district aqueduct and transmission lines. A recorded lecture, synchronized with still pictures flashed on a screen will give the changes, development of the basin. On the top of the dam a sidewalk shelter for tourists is 60 percent completed.

. . .

Reno . . .

Twenty-two-year-old Nye Tognoni, sophomore at the state university, recently elected to represent Eureka county in the Nevada legislative, has a Horatio Alger life-story. Five years ago he and his younger brother owned and operated Nevada's only commercial dog team. They collected the garbage

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MANAGING OWNERS

of Eureka in a cart pulled by seven dogs led by a bloodhound. They fed 50 pigs with the garbage. In November 1940 Nye won his seat in the legislature by the biggest majority any candidate received in that election. He says he expects to keep on with his college course.

Tonopah . . .

California will get no more Nevada territory, if Senator Pat McCarran holds out. Reviewing early battles over the boundary between the two states in the Lake Tahoe region, Senator Pat recalls open warfare between residents of Plumas county, California and those of Roop county, Nevada. The "Von Schmidts" line of 1873 wrongfully transferred some 350 square miles of Nevada territory to California, he says and the final result of a protracted controversy in 1899 saw California take from Nevada some 65 square miles of extremely valuable

land in and around Lake Tahoe. McCarran was stirred by rumors that the general land office is making a new survey in the Tahoe country.

Winnemucca . . .

A 16-year-old campaign for an all-weather high-speed road linking a large Idaho agricultural region with Nevada and California markets is nearer realization. Humboldt county chamber of commerce learns that Oregon will oil surface 50 miles of this highway in 1941, between McDermitt and Jordan valley. Nevada has oiled the road from McDermitt to Winnemucca and Idaho completed its stretch in 1939. The distance is 267 miles from Winnemucca to Boise.

Lovelock . . .

Preservation of Unionville as a state shrine is advocated by Jeanne Elizabeth Wier, former professor of the department

of history and political science at Nevada U. Relics from Unionville, one of the state's early day mining camps, include a beer mug, candle sticks, piecwork of pioneer cabinetmakers, iron drawer pull, an old fashioned saddle; bayonet points from equipment of the Buena Vista guards at Unionville, used during the war between the states; ox shoes and handmade nails.

NEW MEXICO

Gallup . . .

Wild men of the old wild west are revisiting through their Hollywood reincarnations the scenes of desperate days. Wallace Beery comes here to film a new thriller "Bad Man" and Robert Taylor will go to a New Mexico locale to make a picture telling again, this time in technicolor, the story of Billy the Kid.

Mesilla . . .

To the beat of tomtoms, music of tipica orchestras and the band from New Mexico state college, with Guadalupe Indians dancing in the fiesta, Old Mesilla held a three-day celebration commemorating the Gadsden purchase. Jose Maria Pedilla, a child 3 years old when the United States flag was raised in the plaza on November 16, 1854 to signify Uncle Sam's \$10,000,000 land deal transferring a narrow strip of 29,670 square miles along the border from Mexico, was present for the 1940 program. Troopers from Fort Bliss in nearby Texas fired a salute of 32 salvos for the 32 states which in 1854 formed the Union.

Tucumcari . . .

Inscribed fragments of sandstone found in an old Indian cave near Montoya by Jack Gress, Tucumcari printer, will be studied by Santa Fe archaeologists. Royal Prentice, president of the Quay county historical and museum society, said the inscriptions might have been made by early Spanish colonists.

UTAH

Logan . . .

Twenty new members were elected at the annual fall session of the Utah Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. Dr. Arthur L. Beeley of the university of Utah presided. Interesting topics: influence of irrigation in Utah; meteor fall in central Utah; bread and butter art; trends in modern architecture.

Moab . . .

On Armistice day a monument was erected to honor the memory of eight men massacred by Piute Indians at Pinhook, head of Little Castle valley on June 15, 1881. Dedication ceremonies were sponsored by the Moab Lions club. Story of the Pinhook fight, as written by Jordon Bean of Bridger, Montana, the sole survivor, was read.

Sugarhouse . . .

First piece of mail handled in Sugarhouse's new postoffice building when it opened November 18 was a souvenir of historic interest. It was a loving cup turned from part of a beam in the sugar factory where first attempt at making beet sugar on the western hemisphere was carried out successfully. The cup was sent to the Smithsonian institution at Washington, to become a part of early American exhibits.

First Settlers on the desert used tallow wicks and coal oil lamps

But the days of coal oil lighting are past in the great Imperial basin of Southern California where electricity is now available from the water that flows in to irrigate 500,000 acres of fertile land. Today practically every home in Imperial valley is served with electricity, not only for lighting but for refrigeration, cooling and power motors.

Today the most isolated rancher may sit by his radio and know what is going on around the world.

A Cooperative Project

Electric light and power for Imperial valley and adjacent desert areas has been made possible by a cooperative organization — the Imperial Irrigation district — owned and managed by the 60,000 people who reside in this fertile reclaimed desert region.

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Mines and Mining . .

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

Location and survey of the Bunker Hill group of eight claims in rugged country 10 miles south of Virginia City have been completed by John Durkin of Reno and B. E. Sweet of Hayward, California. The ground covers what is believed to be workings of an ancient Mexican mine. Although there is no sign of a road approaching the location, there are 2,000 feet of workings on an inclined plane. Tunnels lead in all directions and in places steps were cut in the footwall. Durkin found the place a year ago. There was practically no dump. No old-timers can shed any light on the history of the property. Owners say there is a large tonnage of gold ore of milling grade in evidence.

Trona, California . . .

Production of bromine and bromides at Searles lake by the American potash and chemical corporation becomes increasingly important with importations cut almost to nothing by the European war. These are by-products of potash operations, find wide use in industry and in war. Bromine is one of the vital constituents of ethyl gasoline, is used also in making a fumigant to prevent damage to stored supplies of grain. Bromides are vital to the photographer.

Tucson, Arizona . . .

Because a lot of men are going prospecting in Arizona, the state university has issued the seventh edition of its book on field tests for common minerals. George R. Farnett is the author, the first edition in 1918 was 20 pages. The newest edition has 56 pages, lists equipment for tests, wet and dry reagents and gives detailed instructions. Federal and state laws on location of mining claims are quoted and there is a table of weights and measures.

Morenci, Arizona . . .

More than 4,000,000 pounds of steel will go into manufacture of 18 Marcy ball mills, bought by the Phelps Dodge corporation from the Mine and Smelter Supply company at a price slightly above a third of a million dollars. One hundred freight cars will be used to haul the mills from Denver to Morenci. First mill is to be delivered March 1, and at least two will follow each month after that. Each machine is expected to grind 1500 to 1650 tons daily. This order is part of the \$30,000,000 P-D program for production of the immense body of low grade copper ore here.

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

Manganese deposits in Utah and Nevada are being investigated by the United States bureau of mines in its strategic minerals survey. C. H. Johnson is at work on the Three Kids group near here. Richard Lee has been sent to Drum mountain manganese property near Delta, Utah.

Tucson, Arizona . . .

State ore testing service will be inaugurated early in 1941, to determine possibilities of treating non-metallic deposits, announces Dr. Alfred Atkinson, Arizona u. president. Edwin H. Crabtree, jr., will direct the work. He joined the university staff December 1.

Mesa, Arizona . . .

In the heights of Superstition mountains, that gaunt desert range of the Lost Dutchman's legendary treasure, a former Phoenix engineer is sinking a shaft on his mining claim. W. W. Linesba has built a modern home at the foot of the mountain, a burro trail winds a tortuous course 5 miles to the top of the rocky crest and over this trail travel all supplies to the spot where workers have sunk their digging 65 feet. Linesba plans to drift out at 100 feet, again at 150 feet. Nearby are old diggings, not far away is Weaver's Needle, a landmark piercing the sky, used by so many prospectors who have ranged the vast maze of canyons and peaks in the Superstitions, looking for the Lost Dutchman. Linesba has named his claim for the old mine—the Lost Dutchman.

Carlsbad, New Mexico . . .

First potash produced in the new \$2,500,000 plant of the Union Potash and Chemical company has moved to market, with announcement of sale of 40,000 tons of phosphate for fertilizer. Construction work on the refinery and installation of equipment gave employment to 600 men. First shaft, sunk to a depth of 1000 feet, opened up large deposits of potash on two levels. Present mine production is 1200 to 1500 tons daily. The property includes more than 7500 acres held under government lease. The new mill includes flotation equipment of latest design.

Douglas, Arizona . . .

At the Phelps Dodge smelter a new 565-foot stack has been completed. It is 47 feet in diameter at the base and 19 feet at the top, built of concrete lined brick and calculated to withstand the force of 100-mile winds. The stack weighs 9,300 tons, its builders say, and the foundation adds 2,650 tons to the total weight. Including a dust collecting system and a new converter, the job cost about half a million dollars.

Delamar, Nevada . . .

Mrs. Agnes Horn, pioneer resident of this camp, has made test shipments from the mine she owns and operates, with returns averaging \$20 per ton in gold, silver, lead and zinc. Production is scheduled to average two carloads a month, with installation of a compressor and machine drills.

Holtville, California . . .

Plan to install a 100-ton mill in the Tumco district of eastern Imperial county is announced by Sovereign development company, recently reorganized with reported introduction of new eastern capital. Sovereign for several years operated a 35-ton mill, now to be replaced.

Beatty, Nevada . . .

Los Angeles operators have bought the original Bullfrog mine, according to announcement by the Burm-Ball company, former owners. Twenty seven claims were sold for \$500,000, it is reported and recent survey is said to have disclosed 87,000 tons of ore on the dumps with an average value of \$8. per ton.

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HOTEL



By RANDALL HENDERSON

NEARLY every day's mail brings letters from persons seeking more specific information regarding the location of the lost mines John D. Mitchell has been writing about for *Desert Magazine* readers.

There isn't any more information. If there was, Mr. Mitchell would have included it in his manuscripts. That's the joker in these stories of gold that has been found—and then lost again. There's always a missing link in the chain of evidence. Either the map is wrong, or the Indian died, or the mountain has a name that no one ever heard—there's always a phoney detail. If this were not true, the treasure would have been found long ago—providing it actually existed.

Frankly, I am a rank unbeliever when it comes to lost mines. But I hope the legends that have been built around them never die—and if the tales are convincing enough to keep men out tramping the hills in the health-giving sunshine of the desert, so much the better. They'll probably never find the mine—but the quest will likely bring them intangible values more important to their happiness than gold.

* * *

There are hundreds of rock and mineral collectors on the *Desert Magazine's* subscription list, and I receive letters from many of them. Almost without exception the letters are courteous and friendly—but sometimes they puzzle me greatly.

For instance two of them came this week from hobbyists who had been out on one of the field trips mapped by John Hilton. One of them returned home delighted with the specimens he had found—in fact he was so proud of them he took pictures of them and enclosed prints with his letter. The other collector had visited the same field about the same time, and found nothing. His letter was courteous, but he was disappointed, and he wrote to tell us that our map and field story were misleading.

Both were honest letters. They merely represent the difference between collectors. Those who go out expecting to find rare museum specimens lying underfoot will nearly always be disappointed. The reason is obvious. Prospectors in the employ of gem dealers have been roaming the desert for nearly 75 years. The deposits of commercial value already have been located—and are not accessible to the public.

But there still remain in the public domain countless fields of beautifully banded agate, carnelian, petrified wood, garnet, quartz and calcite crystals, amethyst, chalcedony and hundreds of other minerals for those who collect rocks for the love of their hobby. Sometimes it is necessary to climb mountains, or they may be hidden in an obscure canyon or held fast in crevices and rocky walls. Often they are concealed in boulders or nodules with a rough and ugly exterior.

It seems to be part of Nature's plan that things of genuine beauty can be acquired only through understanding and effort—and this applies to the gathering of mineral specimens as well as the painting of pictures.

While we are on the subject, I want to reaffirm a viewpoint expressed on this page in previous issues of the *Desert Magazine*. The real value of specimens brought home from a field

trip—no matter how rare they may be—is not in the stones themselves, but in the effort involved in getting them—the health of mind and body that comes from tramping over the mesas and climbing the slopes in clean air and purifying sunshine, and from close contact with the good earth.

Folks will never get rich selling specimens gathered on *Desert Magazine* field trips. They are not planned for that purpose. But there are some worthwhile specimens, many of them, in every field logged in these pages—specimens worth taking home as souvenirs of a glorious trip into the great mysterious desert. Of course you may get stuck in the sand—but they can't put you in jail for that.

* * *

I haven't met Lloyd Smith—but I am wishing him a heap of success in the job he has undertaken. He is the newly appointed director of the *Desert Museum* at Palm Springs. It isn't much of a museum yet. But Lloyd has the qualifications to make a fine regional institution—and I hope the folks there will give him the help he needs.

Palm Springs is known around the world for its suntan and smart togs and colorful architecture. But for all that, the village derives its basic values from the desert—the shelter of a desert range, the beauty of desert canyons, the sunshine of the desert winter, the lore and traditions of ancient desert dwellers. A fine *Desert Museum*, perhaps more than anything else, will serve to keep alive Palm Springs' contact with the desert which is its most important resource.

* * *

One night in October I camped near the base of the Kofa mountain in Arizona north of Yuma. The name of the range is derived from the old King of Arizona mine, located on the southern slope. The old prospectors have another name for the great rock massif—they call it S. H. mountain. It is marked on some of the maps that way. I cannot tell you what the initials mean—but I can assure you it is a fascinating region for those who like to explore an untamed desert wilderness.

Kofa has everything. There are rock-walled canyons so deep the sun never shines on some of the ledges. Wild sheep range over the summits—protected fortunately, by a federal game preserve. Bird life is abundant here—and the botanist will find growing shrubs in every crevice and on every ledge. In one narrow canyon so steep that only the most active hikers attempt to climb it, is a little group of native palm trees—the only native *Washingtonias* found in Arizona, I am told. Natural tanks where the wild game go for water, are found in some of the canyons, and just to the north of the main peak is a great field of pinnacles that would be a nationally known scenic attraction if they were more accessible.

Why am I telling you all this? Merely because Kofa is such an interesting place I like to talk about it. I want *Desert Magazine* readers to become better acquainted with one of the most alluring desert areas in all the Southwest. Perhaps you may have the opportunity to camp there some time. The mountain is so big and there are so many cracks and crannies and canyons and coves, I believe the whole population of Arizona could be hidden away in its recesses with no two people in the same nook.

BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

—a monthly review of the best literature of the desert Southwest, past and present.

A BETTER WAY OF LIFE FOR BOTH INDIAN AND WHITE

Those who would understand better the emotions in the heart of an Indian when the white man seeks to impose a way of life not in harmony with his own culture, will find many of the answers in Ruth M. Underhill's **HAYK OVER WHIRLPOOL**, recently from the J. J. Augustin press in New York.

Her book is fiction, the story of a bright Indian boy from a southern Arizona tribe. He goes away to school for eight years—and returns embittered by the realization that there is no place for him in the world of factories and offices.

When it becomes known that the Indian service plans to bring schools and irrigation and other vehicles of modern civilization to his remote native village, he resents the intrusion and undertakes to lead a revolt against it.

His plans bring tragic death to his brother—and then he realizes for the first time the futility of his efforts. Alone in the hills there comes the vision of a new relationship between the white and red races, in which each will learn from the other. His thoughts, as he expressed them to his white friend, are significant:

"Maybe we make something new. Not white. Not Indian. We keep what is good in our life—not throw away. Then we look to you. See what you got that we really need. Not hurry. Not money. Doctors, maybe. Machines—some. Water. We learn these slow, like you learned them yourselves. Like we learned the grinding stone and the bow and arrow. Then maybe you learn from us!"

Out of long years of close association with the Indians of the Southwest Ruth Underhill knows as well perhaps as any Anglo-American mind can grasp, the thoughts concealed by the stoic mask of the Redman. Her book is an important contribution to one of the most important problems in the Southwest—the adjustment of the Indian to the new way of life that has been slowly closing in on him. 255 pp. \$2.50.

HERE'S A GUIDE BOOK WITHOUT BALLYHOO

Archaeologists do not often turn their attention to the business of writing guide books, but when they do, the product usually is something out of the ordinary.

LANDMARKS OF NEW MEXICO, written by Edgar L. Hewett and Wayne L. Mauzy, with contributions by a number of men and women prominent in the fields of archaeology and natural history in New Mexico, is no exception. The book was published during the fall by the University of New Mexico press.

It is a 200-page volume containing 81 half-tone engravings of the outstanding geographic, scenic and historic landmarks in the state, with authentic descriptive text accompanying each photograph. Such a book will be invaluable to those with a week or two to spend in fascinating New Mexico—and a desire to know which of the hundreds of scenic and historic points should be given the preference.

The contents include all the Indian pueblos, national parks and monuments, and the outstanding ancient ruins and historic landmarks. The text is brief but accurate and informative.

Guide material is too often mere ballyhoo, put out by commercial interests with tourist

dollars as the only incentive. It is refreshing, then, to turn to a book written by those who have no interest other than to give the reader an understanding not only of the obvious things in each area but also the cultural factors in the background. This is a guide book you can rely on. Index. \$3.50.

BIOGRAPHY OF FINANCIAL GENIUS IS PUBLISHED

Volumes have been written about the transition of California from an agricultural and mining frontier to a world important position in commerce and industry. But only one book has been written about the financial genius behind many of the great enterprises of that period.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN RALSTON—Courageous Builder, is the title and subject of this biography of Cecil G. Tilton. Ralston was co-founder, cashier, and later president of the Bank of California. In the stock-market crash of 1875 the bank went broke, and the next day Ralston's body was found floating in San Francisco bay, supposedly a suicide. Many men who lost fortunes in that financial failure accused Ralston of mismanagement of the bank, which resulted in its crash. Tilton says this accusation is false, and maintains that Ralston died from natural causes while swimming in the bay.

The author has also delved extensively in the lives of Ralston's associates and contemporaries. These included Cornelius Garrison, Mississippi river boat captain, and the "Big Four" of the Central Pacific railroad—Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, and Crocker, to whom he lent money for the great enterprise.

Published in 1935 by the Christopher Publishing House at Boston, Massachusetts, fully indexed and annotated totalling 474 pages. \$4.00.

BEAUTY OF ARIZONA SHOWN IN PHOTOGRAPHS

For many years Barry Goldwater of Phoenix has been travelling over Arizona taking pictures. His collection of landscapes and Indian subjects is among the finest ever assembled.

Recently, he has reproduced 25 of his best prints in book form under the title **ARIZONA PORTRAITS**, and has placed a limited edition of the book on sale.

The titles include several rare Indian studies, landscapes, tribal life, botanical and miscellaneous subjects, all reproduced in soft dark tones on a cream background of vellum book paper. Pages 11 by 14 inches permit prints approaching salon size. It is a book that all admirers of the colorful Arizona landscape will appreciate. 1.25.

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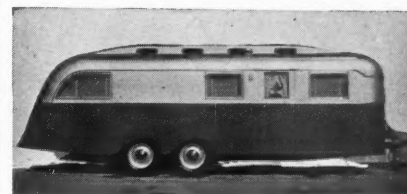
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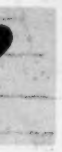
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